

PETER SOTOS

COMFORT

AND CRITIQUE

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There, Rat

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KATRINA

The decision was welcomed by Sarah's mother, Sara, who feared Whiting would be freed within 20 years.

"We can finally step out of his shadow now," she told the News of the World. "When we told the children the news there were big smiles from the boys."

(SARAH PAYNE KILLER TO SERVE 50-YEAR TERM, *BBC News*, November 24, 2002)

1. First cunt to show it.

"I could show them to you. And listen very carefully to what you'd say about them. Only paedophiles would understand, though. Which is a shame. And dangerous. And the ones I know wouldn't bother with such silly shit. The only idiots that would get something out of seeing my little shoulbes would be the ones who necessarily misunderstand the easiest shittiest material. People who don't actually have a sexualized interest in the little uncaged rats. The scum that don't see jerking

off as something altogether less. There's no way around the fact that it is exactly like what some little grade-schooler would do in someone's yearbook or absentmindedly doodle over a photo in a newspaper. I do not want to be misunderstood. So many perverts depend on swapped stories. They don't usually lie to me. I could show them to you and explain them to you. They are constantly there. And it's every fucking single day that I go through them. In fact, when I look at all the other little shits that get paraded in front of me daily, I can't do anything but compare them back to my single fucking favorite. The little czech pig Eva. I despise those photos. Photos and supposed codes. She's fucking ugly. And dressed up by her bourgeois momma. I don't give a fuck about the attention her closest photographer wants from France. I don't think the slathered pig makes any grade. And she should know that the dogshit that talk about her ridiculous worth only snip that way because they can't reach past the stupid shit her maman says. And her repulsive admirers. Can you imagine repeating that filth. She's not the only one and shouldn't be treated like it. Not that those penny ante hounds know. It's not in the genes, it's not in the obscene style, it's not in her background or the shrieking bad taste. Heterosexual faggots."

"It's the first thing I do. The first thing I want to do. Why I can't wait to get out of bed in the morning. Before I wake up fully. I masturbate with the picture I first woke up thinking about. I go for a piss and leave my cock out as I walk back to my room. Stroking it and thumbing it down. Then I flip through my collection like a farmer. Like any old dog. And I stare like I've never seen anything better than it before. Every day. I cum so quickly. As if I'm in the room with the darling and feeling her and lifting up her shirt and kissing the flat boney titlessness that I have there. Not soft and tough and not enough pink. I imagine sticking my face as far up between her legs as I possibly can. Eating her nothing and biting it and hurting her. I want her hurt. I want her confused and hurt and crying even after she's used to it every day. Every day she'd watch me walk back from the toilet holding my sinking cock and hate me even more. She'd hate me because I'm a slob. Say: You're a creep. Because I'm

so ugly and fed and desperate. I would let her say no. Because it's my decision. I'd like to listen to her and pet her, coddle her and protect her. Make her understand safety. And she wouldn't be stupid enough to believe me. I'd always be hated intensely because of that. She'd hate me because every fucking morning. I'd barely hurt her and make her feel filthy just by being a belly flobbing face slurping degenerate all over her little body. White. Paler than normal or healthy. I'd lick her sick asshole and she'd only try to go back to sleep. But I'd fat lollipop it. Hard. Frig it. And then I'd jerk off all over it. All the time. Her face. Her shallow stomach. Bald kidpuffed cunt and directly into the pink asshole that I'd smell and taste and hold wide open between my forefinger and thumb while I spilled and aimed my thick yellow morning cum into it. It's nothing new."

"Truth is, I won't even take the photos out anymore. I don't want to fuck them up. But, reality is, I don't need them. I don't know why I want to keep them then. I just lie flat and beat off like an aging gorilla. I could tell that I'm reading the things wrong. I'd really like to hear it, actually."

"Then I'd look at my miserable cock and check to see what I've done to it this week. It gets shorter as I get older. As the adipose crowds out my grayed pubic hair and sinks over my disgusting stump. I push the blubber in and tug the hair up to make the sliming cocksuckers happier. Like some webcam queen. Like aging dolts that say hot cock for dumber women. Work on relationships. Learn the hidden mysteries. It really is constantly raw and cut and painful. I constantly despise it. And my mouth tastes like cigarettes and wart medicine and hydrogen peroxide. Because when I get home, I gargle with nearly a full bottle. I hate teenagers and teen girls and all their culture and poses and cockiness and americanism. It's not what I'm interested in at all. What do teens know about getting syphilis from sucking on a strange cock. I have a sty in my eye this morning. It is not about children and what very little they have to offer adults. I wish they didn't fucking exist. But it is no

longer a predilection. A design or a wish that gets barely frightened out of me. I have no other option than this. I have to have sex with absent humans because no one else would put up with this. Thinking that it is forbidden by law makes the choice perfectly obvious. The fantasy has to be built around children because the impossibility and all the lesser excuses wouldn't be possible any other way. It is a form of autism. Unforced, clumsy, accepted autism. Twisted methodically. The joints that have all closed now were patient wards. Filled with men mumbling to themselves constantly. About how sick they were. And of how little importance that was. I got picked up by a short little arab fuck cabdriver on my way out of some faggot bar on Halsted. He was on me in seconds, telling me that he liked gays but his wife couldn't know. I have to be secretive, over and over in that hideous gossipy arab stammer they all have. I told him to shut up at least twice. Cabdrivers like him, like dirt, look for the latenight queers going home drunk and horny from fag bars. I have a big dick it assures me. Come up in front and sit with me. And we drive all the way to my apartment with me stroking his dark cut cock while he tries to feel around at my ass with the tiny hand that's not driving. You have a wife, a boyfriend, can I come up with you. I told him to pull into an alley so he could suck my cock. I didn't want his caveman cock in my mouth right then. I want your ass, I like to fuck. You like to fuck. His prick was hard and straight-up when he first pulled it out of his pants. I yanked and massaged his little balls and slurred drunkenly that I'd like to see him cum. I pinched his hidden nipples and started to undo his white button down. You've been hard all this way, sweetheart. Licked the slightly wet head stuck up between his stomach and the steering wheel and jabbed my tongue deep into his pisshole. I want to see you cum and lifted my blank head up. Filthy ugly yellow eyed muslim. I don't kiss mud. Nothing should. I don't suck them unless I need to convince it that I can cum quick and that he'd like it. Move over here closer. You suck me a little. I want to fuck, he pretended again. I masturbated and pushed his low-level brain onto my cock, barely hard at all. I pulled up on my shaft while he scraped me with his stupid fucking teeth. There's no way to make it better. Cumming in this murky bucket

just because he offered it open. You have no idea how close doing this is to staring at free images on a computer screen. Thousands of them collected and sifted through and finally selected to stand out.”

2. You don't do it for show but you talk about it.

“Define show. I fucking can't. I can't help but think that there's a greater market for this material but I want to be the last fucker that would mine the thing. I want to find some way of nailing that little mouse and spreading it open on a smearing newspaper exposé that her mother gets to read and consider. Hard. Absolutely. I want to talk to the mother about the autopsy that I did with my little pins and scalpel and the cumstains all over my pants, constantly. Listen. I know how she should listen. You remove the apes from her side and you sit them down and explain to her. That it absolutely is, I know full well, my fucking problem. I'm not apologizing, you cunt. But I know that everyone else who's so fucking upset about the stupid little thing is genuinely upset and worried and that it, somehow inexplicably, turns down into rage and uncontrolled seething anger. Fucking white trash, you think I don't know this garbage? But the little bird-faced cocksucker that has the apparent right to address my little fucking nothings then; better have a better fucking answer than the rest of the trash. Like trash. Found like trash. You pinch her fucking nonexistent lips and you say “tell me everything you know” and then do it after you've slapped more lipstick on. The mothers get their details from the same fucking places I do. Naturally, they all become smaller and fucked in front of everyone. Which opens them up wider. These degenerates. These toilet cleaners. They're easily the most despicable liars. I fucking want my part of that ugly hair depleted mouth because I fucking did more fucking work than you ever fucking did. You don't fucking own it. Not now. Not ever. Just fucking stop pretending like you do. Or did. Or fucking still want to. Ask it, really, isn't this much better now. And what made it that way. How the fuck did you get over it? How dare you tell me how it's gotten better for you. How dare you try and forget what happened. How did

it happen so bad that she can't fucking grow up and out of it? She's not the only stupid idiot who's ever sucked on a cock before or got fucked in her poor baby asshole."

"I don't know why I ordered food. I can't eat it now."

2. You don't do it for show but you talk about it. Fucking constantly.

"I can put the pictures up. I've done it before. I've convinced assholes. I've even had slides made from the photos that I own and supposedly covet and had the sheer sickness to pretend that others would see something better in the pictures that I selected. Purely because they would see them in a different context. Even though I was being completely honest about their personal worth. Just like now, bringing it up, preparing it and mucking all over it is supposed to remove every ounce of what once made the photos perfect. But it really doesn't. I can't do it without beating myself up for the idiots who care about it barely. There's no way that I can shut up about them. I want to let you know that I think I'm wrong but I want to see how that sells. In the end, I'm completely certain that I've fucked it all up. The woman that gives me the photos had to watch as I drunkenly ratted them out. Right now, all I want is more. And I never get bored about what I have. I love the shots forever. I'm never unaware of their genius. I have this seeping need to sell it more than fuck the next one whose got flesh exactly fucking like it, almost."

"Did you have the soup today, Pete?"

"Breakfast again, Dear."

"They stopped putting vegetables in it, all the time now."

"I know. Maybe it makes it easier to drink it for when you have a hangover."

"You have a hangover? Were you being a slut again?"

"Do you have another cigarette, baby?"

“For later, okay?”

“I really want to go home with you. Want to suck your dick again. And your mouth. You have a hot fucking mouth. I want to lick on your asshole this time.”

“You can’t get hard, doll. And all I end up with is a face full of greasy zits. I got a sty last time”

“I have things I could wear for you. I haven’t worn my black jock-strap for anyone for quite awhile. And we don’t only have to fuck and suck. I like to cuddle too. You’re a special friend and a lover.”

3. Old men can not comment on the sexuality of children.

“There’s a compulsion to let you know that I don’t think this is especially sellable. I don’t think I’m confused about my motives. And I’m not like slime that talk about getting sex from children. The touchable sexuality of children. Especially in adolescents. The coming faggots. Or the ones that seek to be a voice for either side. The protectors and the fawners and the mouthers. The salad shitters that paint portraits of clothed teenagers and the horrid ex-pats that want to talk about nymphets or blurred lines and pastels. The women are the worst. But I’ve met some artists before with their girlfriends and found them as easily disgusting. These people are quite a few steps behind. The vagaries in that work are what real paedophiles have long ago left in the heap. The art and the theory is what’s base. Not the pornography. The next step is the smarts to tell yourself that this is what you want and this is what is most important. Beyond facile communication. These children don’t have any say. I saw a commercial the other day with a little darling in a bikini. What should I do? Fetishize her paycheck? Her mother’s volvo and mastercard and her middle-aged crisis control? I’m telling you I know what these little sexy children come from. And I know their stingy parents are bad liars. These fingerfuckers don’t understand that. And I’m the one that does everyfuckingthing else just so that I don’t get

child pornography any more. You know how you jagoff after someone's left. You can imagine her on your bed. You lean against the bed, your knees on the floor like you were a little girl praying in front of your parents and you beat off into the hanging sheets. The men whose mouths you pull out of, they stay in the booths after you leave. They masturbate onto the floors facing the screens and thinking of you or just the quick lowrung action."

Toronto detective Bill McGary used his computer to erase a little girl from child porn photos he located on the internet. He ends up with a hotel bed and spots around the hotel that can now be identified by a helpful public. The Toronto police believe the girl, maybe nine in the edited shots, now probably around twelve, can be saved from what they assume is a sexually abusive father. They guess he's been abusing her for years now. And sharing the photos on KP groups where they've proved very popular. The pictures turn up in many different web groups and the girl grows up through the selections. Turns out the hotel is part of Walt Disney World in Florida and though records can be checked and rooms identified, the child has yet to be found. Editorials start to pop up begging the police to release further crops from the photos. And this time – rather than erasing the child completely – to leave her face visible. Someone will surely recognize the splayed insect just as they did the hotel room bedspread and elevator. Wider dissemination of the girl's face will only add to her psychological abuse, the police counter. The picture of the bed, through the haze of digital technology, is where the little girl's pose is most probably evident. I think she's on her back with her legs spread wide. But like a young girl would spread. Bent at the knees.

"It made me sick to find out that this material actually existed. A show-off recently gave me a disc that he had been collecting for years and hiding, I think he said, in his father's closet. It was loaded with all the KP that has since become famous. Not one complete series, sadly. Which I had seen before and miss more than anything at specifically

stupid times. It makes me seriously psychotic every now and then. But on this disc, he said, there were two photos of girls taken in Dutroux's basement. Amongst all the other little nameless mice. Two separate girls sitting naked, spread wide open, on chairs placed in front of brick walls. I don't think they were either girl. Sabine recently did an interview. Eventually she'll write a book and have it slowly translated into English. You can't tell from the shots that their families and the cops and the revolting campaigners have given to the public. They don't compare to the rape shots. And the only way you get to know the others are when you spend a great deal of time looking at the series and picking over the little nuances and facial reactions of the repeated singular dolls. The names change on the shots. But some become very famous and those names get forever stamped on the little fuckers' foreheads."

4. Sarah.

"I spend a great deal of my private free time imagining what it would look like. And even before she became famous, I had been obsessed with fingerfucking. Handjobs and little against large. Absolutely. It only really works with names. That is why that would have to be the title. Something like that. So that every month you would go buy the new issue of Sarah and inside would be more information of little mice exactly like her number. In cheap black and white. I like that information gets put in. And she gets folded around it. It's disgusting to be this old and full of faggot recall. I will not buy these magazines any more. I will not go into stores that allow adults to be photographed as adults enjoying sex. Because I do not believe they do. I don't fucking care about these culture limpets. I will go into the backrooms and, because of the way I've become, drop to a squat and suck what seems to have been drawn in by the wind that this garbage has created. Infested. By the noise that howls in the brains of those degenerates that then go home and lie to absolutely everyone else."

"Under her name all these details would just fester. Dawdle. I think

it would be a good thing to let the degenerates that don't know they're scum, discover their taste through badly xeroxed information under little fucking Sarah Payne's name. I wouldn't be creating the taste. I might be equaling it. Matching it. But it would be all Sarah's work. Not her parents. Not her new baby sister or any of the wandering tortured growing brothers or beautiful darling Charlotte. It would just be under her split open corpse and the quotes that formed the interest in putting out a magazine in her perpetually rolling and growling memory. It could not use ad-copy. It could not try and sell you anything. It has to be something that you buy. It has to be very careful about the nature of the language. I wouldn't take a fucking dime. I'd drink on the profits. Most importantly, I would not share the photos of the little rat that I've collected all these face sucking years and then include them under the name of mousey Payne because I would be afraid of ruining the fingerfucked corpse. It's important to have that spread. That's how I see it. Fuck, I know from my little rat that I need a more constant flow of photos. Close-ups that move forwards and backwards to her smile and eyes and chin and dresses and articles about how the only fucking thing that that dumb motherfucking scumbag did was either face-fuck her or masturbate while he watched her cry. Tell me how bad it gets when the others have to admit they didn't want it and I get arrested for making perfect sense. That's when the original idea of the work is compromised and worthless. Some stupid cocksucker who has to pretend to explain his work by pointing to the past and yammering about how proud he is of the accomplishments. And, then, why you have to excuse these latest indiscretions that may only look raw and shocking and iniquitous. Pricks. I would keep the little rat out of the pages and all my memories of how wonderful it felt to have her as a fully grown adult sit on top of my mouth so that I could rut and poke and swallow all the waste that crept and flowed through that long body. Just to go home and jerk off onto photos of her as a child. Dressed. Stretched. Perfect and unharmed and loved just like everyone says that little dirtpile was and still is. How fucking stupid do you have to be."

Speaking at the launch, Sarah Payne's mother Sara gave her backing to Child Rescue Alert, based on an American scheme called Amber Alert.

"It can definitely work in this country. The one thing we learned from Sarah's case is that the police and the media can work together," she said.

The question of whether the scheme could have helped find her daughter was "too painful" to consider, she added.

(KIDNAP WARNING SCHEME LAUNCHED, BBC News, November 14, 2002)

Stagnant for over twenty years that I know about. Can't fucking sustain itself anyways, ever. I look for one of the leaners that don't mind peeking back through a brand new wall hole. Public agers. And their tiny little peeps. This one for the logical and especially shameless pickers and choosers. It was gored into a panel wall that separated the back room from the front. The worm that needed this peephole clawed it so it could see the new animals as soon as they came into the shop. Before anyone else did. When it heard the bell over the front door ring. Whatever zombie had its back up against the wall pretending to be waiting for a free booth. Would now do an immediate about-face and check the fresh trade before it made its way into the back. The bell above the door is a standard warning device to let small shopkeep know that new custom has arrived. Especially necessary in this case because the single counter help was, for at least half of his shift, in the back sucking cock. So often, I was the only other one there. Some sick men there, Mrs. Payne. Shopkeep talks at me when I'm milling around the front but it never gets beyond one word answers and hurumphs. His boss must pay him in time as much as cash. Other's time. You could have sex with three or four very ugly men for less than five dollars when it's busy. And when it's not, I, like all the others, don't bother to feed the quarter slots. Retard doesn't bother to lock the front door when he goes in the back. He can stop at any time. He can also make the runts wait for their change and entry receipts. Honestly, I keep looking in the corners of these places and talking about all the same pigsties because I'm convinced that you can let me know what you've learned so far, too.

I've wiped my cum from my hand unto the wood door jamb in stupid blank automation only to have one of these faggots grab my palm and lick it down. The stench of medicinal ointments and overworked tongue is often nauseating. It overpowers the cum but not the poppers. Bad breath that films your skin and slabs up the splintered walls. Truth be told, birdseed, I've had my own stinking tongue inside their coldsore mouths not as often as they've sucked mine. I've had queers turn me around to lick up the insides of my thighs and then wipe their drool and my filth against my only partly raised shirt. Up to my neck and across my sweating spongy face. And I've stuck my stupid tongue out when they returned their big ugly heads too close to mine.

You do know what your husband's portly naked body smells like on a bad drink day, don't you? Me too, sadly. These humping slobs weigh all over your bones after they're done huffing and squeezing on your holes. Then slime all that human sewage back into the tiny cuts and sweating pores. Stretch urinals. One entire life like bodily waste. Chewy cum on oily pants. Peeling raw athlete's feet on dimpled hairy backs. Gassy, coddling, choking air in a booth as tight as any closet the British Council ever gave you.

I took up smoking as an adult largely because of it. I smoke like a faggot in bars and then make sure I light up immediately in the booths. No one has ever complained. My mouth smells exactly like my cancer-stomped father's and I remember the kisses that he drunkenly gave me when I was a kid. Not during any form of abuse. Just sloppy like a greek drunk would do when he was telling you how much he loved you and how much you meant to him. Old granddad, watery beer and a constant five o'clock shadow is the one non-sexual childhood memory I'll allow myself these days. In here. Not as if I was attracted to the breed. I remember him as horribly yellow when his alcoholism was being taken over by his cancer and dumb as a rock. It's just that the smells, as they are, here, can't help but remind you of these pawing drags. I assure you, it's not to my taste. I do not think things stop outside while I'm in here. Which is why I no longer think these assholes can say anything worthwhile. What do I care about your little fucking murdered child when

there are human toilet bowls who say they care just as much as you. In the exact same way. Using the very same words that you didn't present as new in the first place.

An accurate picture of just how devastating all this news really could be. How you shouldn't think about what could have been and, of course, why that would be painful to psychotically convince yourself that uncontrolled thoughts can be memories.

When the ugly incident first tears it into your wide-open brain cells. There's only the exhausted vocabulary of grief at work. You're not going to read that the couple had been having marital problems because of the husband's average drinking inabilities and sexist inadequacies. Unless, of course, suspicions are even slight that it may be the parents' fault. Not that it matters. Not that it changes. Or makes it any worse. Harri-dan. Fumbler. What, exactly, were you thinking when you decided you wanted yet another child.

Poor old Michael Payne has a look about him. Not to be cruel. Trained. Or unfortunate. But there has to be some degree of greater guilt inside that hangdog droop he's so unable to display otherwise in every single fucking photograph. And there's hundreds of them. He looks like he's crying for Sarah all the time. As if he wishes he could have been stronger than he obviously is. He understands he couldn't have saved her. Her older brothers should have done that. But thinks he shouldn't be such a weak old wreck. Shouldn't have given into drinking. Then and now. As much as he had. Possibly.

Parents trust reject-magic. Especially. Maybe. When their children are hurt by something unfair and completely out of their control. They look for messages and bent reason and talk about bonds and clarifying connections. Purity. Love that is tangible. Electric. It has to be. And the superstitious shrimp that don't grab for something pathetic like god and nature are the sicknesses that sink back into themselves only to ask you later to excuse their repulsive frailty.

I find this distasteful but impossible to ignore. Sara gave an interview to the *News of the World* for their front-page article on her husband's meager suicide attempt. From "SARAH DAD IN SUICIDE BID" (Hayley

Barlow, March 28, 2004):

"My initial reaction was obvious concern. After talking to Mike, I realized immediate medical attention wasn't necessary, but he desperately wanted help.

"We spoke on the phone for several hours and I assured him that together we could overcome this.

"We went to his doctors the next day and they advised he should be admitted to hospital immediately for a short stay with intensive therapy.

"I am very proud of Mike for bravely coming to terms with his problems and putting me and the children first by not going through with ending it all.

"It's no secret that Mike and I have had our problems and, since Sarah was taken from us, life has been a constant struggle. For Mike to seek the help that he needs shows remarkable strength of character for a man who has been to hell and back and that's what I have always admired about him.

"I believe that all of this shows that Mike's family mean more to him than life itself and what a truly loving husband and father he is.

"Together as a family we will beat this."

In October '03, mum Sara was photographed next to a scowling teacher who had fought to turn a convicted paedophile's "rehabilitation" sentence into jail time. Both women flanked a sturdy but small "I SUPPORT SARAH'S LAW" poster. A former headmaster, Jeff Carney, escaped prison by pleading guilty to the indecent assault of two boys. Carney was the teacher's boss. And she had considered the 66 year-old man "a close friend for 21 years." In the *News of the World*, the teacher wrote:

At the age of 50, as a teacher and mother of four, I was unaware there are six types of paedophile. I now know their behavior and tell-tale signs.

Sara "thanked Mrs. Hawes for her support," and added:

"Marilyn has done an awful lot. We need more like her. It just shows how you can make a difference."

Child molesters talk the same way. Pigeons peck for a way in. What else do they have. What else could they do. Look at how they got this way. Allow a smidgen of sympathy in barely contained and perfectly righteous rage. Accept excuses for lapses in judgment and overwhelming want. Loss thinned their embarrassment. Their drop in projected thought and control was the result of being crushed in the exact same language you're using. They beg forgiveness in public. While the crowds know that they continue to masturbate in private. To expensive images of small cunts and dreams of sensual sexual violent child abuse. They explain. The destruction they created was rotated down into them long ago. They can be truly sorry because they know that specific pain from deep inside. Please don't pretend that you don't understand. You just won't.

The perverts wish they could gorge themselves on what the prosecutors and reporters and braying public say the perverts really did. What they know they got. It would make all the hateful noise and lonely demanding questionables so much more permanently worthwhile.

Heaven. Again. Where the little children play happily with the other unluckies that got slashed across their fourteen-year-old effeminate asses and sixteen-year-old faces. The place adults can access when they feel loved enough to cum.

It is a difficult time of year for the Paynes. "Christmas is coming up and it's Charlotte's birthday on Thursday," Sara added. "She'll be eight – the age Sarah was when she died.

"Charlotte talks about Sarah all the time – not about her death but the things we used to do together. She's strong for all of us. Now we just have to accept that Sarah had a short life, but a good one – she touched a lot of people."

(HE WILL DIE IN JAIL, *News of the World*, Anna Gekoski, November 24, 2002)

There's a public photo of Anna Gekoski, the reporter for so many of the *News of the World* articles on the Paynes and their coping history. She's seen in a large newsprint gray half-page leaning over four large sacks of mail petitions that came into the newspaper after the first week of the "Help Support Sarah's Law" campaign. Thin, slightly ethnic, in a fairly british sweater and hardly daring mini-skirt; she's not unattractive for someone in her position. The headline over Ms. Gekoski's long black-haired head was "BRITAIN BACKS OUR FOR SARAH CAMPAIGN – THE ONLY VOICE THAT COUNTS." July 30, 2000.

It's good to see someone whose name you've only come to know through very important reports and splash headlines. Where your tendency is to see the faceless reporters as nothing more than typists with dreary jobs closely following rules of grammar, advertising schema, and demographic lessons. A rare peep into friendly accountability, as you've suspected that the dedicated Ms. Gekoski has kept up a close relationship with the Paynes for all these years. That she's young and possibly personally responsible for some of the rat-chewing style that marks up so much of the tabloid's working class noise. That she's young enough to not be bitter already. That she might be young enough to still be this stupid. That the job weighs more than she was prepared for.

Anna Gekoski studied philosophy and criminology at university. She published her first book, *Murder By Numbers: British Serial Sex Killers Since 1950* (Andre Deutsch, London) in 1998. In her foreword to the book, she makes an argument for the contemporary need to separate sex murder cases from all the other socially significant murder cases:

However unconsciously, we identify with the unrestrained egotism of the killer, who obeys only his own impulses and pursues only his own pleasures. Not all of us, to be sure, are potential serial killers, but we are all, as the Freudian or Christian will agree, fundamentally creatures of desire. We want what we want – call it the Id or original sin – and only slowly learn that we cannot always have it. But there remains a residual part of the self which holds on to the desire for domination, control, and pleasure, at whatever cost, and the adult self is the arena in which these old impulses have to

be tempered by guilt or shame, concern for the welfare of others, fear of censure or of the law. It is easy to see how the serial killer can become a figure of admiration and fascination.

Anna devotes the most interesting portions of her book to the case histories of child murderers Ian Brady, Myra Hindley and Robert Black. However, her publishing coup was in engaging the lesser known repressed homosexual murderer Colin Ireland in direct correspondence.

Anna's survey of the literature is impressive and her conclusions typical. But her place in the Sarah Payne lexicon is central for more reasons than her tabloid taste for lustmord. Pays lip service to the true crime readers' crusader bent as she questions the effect of the press rather than its acumen:

The press, particularly the tabloids, have played no small part in the glorification of the serial killer. After the emergence of each such killer, the press attach grizzly monikers to them – the Yorkshire Ripper, Stockwell Strangler, Co-ed Killer, Night Stalker, Skid-Row Slasher, Killer Clown, Angel of Death – and give them publicity which is disproportionate to the frequency of their crimes. The apparent motive for this nick-naming process – to demonize the killer and make him instantly recognizable – curiously has the opposite effect: it depotentizes the power of the words because of the very conventions that they mimic. The killer becomes a cartoon character, or sports star. In this sense the media, in chronicling the rise of the serial killer, has played a vital role in forming both the public perception of the serial killer and also the killer's perception of himself and his actions.

Indeed, it has been speculated that media attention, in the massive coverage of every aspect of the crimes, might actually prolong the killing spree, as the serial killer may feel that the public and press are somehow encouraging him.

Little like a stripper's job. Showing her average tits. Or. A conceptual artist losing herself to her intellectual pursuits and slowly transforming

her theories into honest but shameful trollism. Is she callous enough to play both sides and pretend that there is a decision made. Or is she correct in marketing the use of the parents she interviews to further the public's unresolved taste for secondhand crime. By pointing at the media and the public's confusion does she attempt to assuage her personally realized guilt. Is she waiting for someone to say they murdered a child picked out of class because she looked just like Sarah. Or does she not feel anything real these days after learning the cruel constructs and knee-jerk ease of compassionate wordsmithing.

Anna being bent over the mob's need for action is not just an ironic smirk. Haughtily laughing at the plebs while she wets herself over the crime and it's piecemeal prison portions. Gekoski should let her audience know if she's more afraid of losing her paycheck, her schoolgirl control or her charm. She doesn't have to test anyone else.

There's so many little rat names out there. Christina Williams. You hear nothing of her anymore. So many little favorites when their murders were splashed and fingered through all the newspapers and news-shows. And there's those that become media tunnels. Where the call of the child represents more than just the continual victimization of those closest to the original choice of her special name. JonBenét. Amber. Megan. Jacob Wetterling. Bucktoothed Polly. Ms. Anna might still be close enough to the parents to get a quick report on how they feel about the killer of their eight-year-old daughter getting slashed across his face. Even though parents and their paper, long ago, made their anti-violence feelings clear when the paedophile riots in Paulsgrove and points just slightly below started to bleed all over Britain. Or. Just how little sister is continuing to grow up. Sparkling just like Sarah certainly would have.

One wants to see this as being created by humans. Instead of faceless mannequins working for corporations with heads full of money and teeth full of idiots. The "For Sarah" campaign had a face that looked more like *News of the World* editor Rebekah Wade than mother Sara Payne. But the crime facts were all mom. The reporting done on the back of the little dead girl reads fashionable London college girls with

tight asses and hard-cocked cynics that stopped aging.

How long before one of the reporters on the case actually stops feeling sorry and starts looking for the truth in the story. They wouldn't even have to be cruel. To anyone who didn't fucking deserve it. Just maybe how they saw stress levels rising and the spreading circulation advantages that were easy to wedge and pry open.

Tell the mother to stop crying so that you might understand what she's been failing to say. And if you still can't make out that it's gibberish, stick a cheap frame around her and tell her as loudly as possible to keep fucking going. See if you can title it without making a headline about the havoc of loss and the strength that rises from despair.

There is one fact in the disturbing history of Roy Whiting, convicted this week of the murder of eight-year-old Sarah Payne, which has not received much attention. It is that he kept large quantities of pornography in his garage workshop.

Indeed, there is scarcely a sex offender who has not had an acute pornography habit. In America, the FBI has reported that 81 per cent of sex killers have said their biggest sexual interest lay in viewing pornography and in compulsive masturbation.

(MY JOURNEY INTO THE APPALLING WORLD OF INTERNET PORNOGRAPHY, Melanie Phillips, *Daily Mail*, December 15, 2001)

Perversely, tragically, ridiculously, it is a vain pig. Vanity being forced upon him as he grows more and more hyper-aware of his need to hide his porcine lusts and frantic cum obsessions. What he has is best when he shuts his fucking mouth. What he gets is best when the other beasts feel safe around him.

He starts sucking on cock like a selfish and careful old maid. Thinking that some of the animals that crawl into his hole are possibly of the child molester ilk or, even, if necessary, the kind that holds peopleless jobs where they can do nothing but sit and brood and steam quietly under the weight of someone else in power and paper-shift instruction. You end up just like these office slugs. These toads that do just barely

what is asked from them and no one else around them knows of their sleazy sex secrets. But, most important, their jobs touch no one. They don't make decisions that carry an effect greater than the numbers on the total columns in warehouse reports. They don't want to talk on the phone to anyone they don't know. They don't sell anything to anyone that doesn't really need it. And they don't have to smile and lie to just get through whatever it is that is expected of them by someone else. They are not salesmen, artists, or parents. Then they come in here and take out their flaccid cocks and see if someone strange and ugly and sick will get it wet and sloppy and harder for them.

I sometimes wouldn't even unbutton my pants. I'd wait and see if they wanted to lick my balls. Some of these queens were too timid to even ask you to do them that little favor. To treat them, here, with something like the fatuous obligations of respect. Others would demand more. Others would expect more fucking fairy time. They would mistake this for sex and what they've seen on television. And after you've blown enough single-minute loads into enough hot heads, Mrs. Payne, I'll tell you something as ugly as it is true. You not so suddenly start to see these holes and heads as human. You also notice that you've started to age very badly around the place that you should have left like a bad job a long time ago. One comes with the other. The less you become. The more adept at reduction they become. And you find yourself making excuses for the huge lump of animal that swallowed itself on your cock and sac. All those years before. Just so you can make that transition from them to you and the reasoning behind your steady lack of taste and control. But sex is that way. Always.

Sex makes mothers and mothers are the same, Mrs. Payne. Mothers of murdered children like yourself and anyone next. Mothers like you start sucking cock, in the pejorative sense, soon after you let the press comfort and then define you. After you let all that hot wind in up your bent over and spread presented asshole. Whether financially or emotionally or, worst of all, sympathetically. Did you do what was best for your daughter? Do you, at least, feel like you have? Has that answer changed so long now after the fact? Do you remain as blameless now as

you were before her abduction? These are important questions. Ones that the public, especially in tight little blowjob boothss, will endeavor to answer privately for you. You have to decide then. How important will that loud mouth full of tool and filth and sick little knowledges be to your ever widening self-image and newly thickened celebrity skin. When do you stop giving them what they want. Fucking can't be bothered over what perverts think.

Last night, Sara, the murdered girl's mother, said: "I was shocked when I heard about the clearance. I personally find it all too painful to visit the spot because of all the memories. But I know it means an awful lot to local people.

"It's the site where Sarah was found and people over the last two and a half years have always left flowers and teddies. We don't want to cause any accidents at the spot but it would be nice to have some sort of memorial there. It would be for the local people in the area because they helped us search for her."

(WE WEREN'T TOLD SARAH MEMORIAL HAD TO GO, Christian Gysin, *Daily Mail*, October 24, 2002)

Every time Sara opens her mouth it is, as it's supposed to be, about her ravaging loss. She is not expected to get better. What she'd be doing now if this wouldn't have happened all over her isn't a fair question. Nor is being as obvious and worthless and indecent as the stupid cunt that would even think it. Let alone ask it. Everything is certainly said with their condolences first, Mrs. Payne. The problem is that the people who make up the press must hate the mothers they deal with. Because they see them allowing themselves to get fucked. And like any appropriately sentient and wearing sexual relationship, naturally, eventually, they'll turn to art to reflect that contempt.

Your head gets filled with other people's noise, doesn't it? Gets crammed with new reports of other missing and murdered – and even more heavily raped – children just like your own or something rather similar. And you have to be sick to death of it. All this degeneracy and

inadequacy and nonexistent consuming.

Does that escalation in brutality matter, vividly, as much as the frequency statistics. Is one worse than the other. Has to be.

Can you imagine what's it like? To know all of this now. To feel it stuffing you full day after day and not be able to move out of it's tongue-first path.

One of the barbeasts sold me assembly-line child pornography. Another told me where to find it on the net. I simply went into a cheap cyber cafe in a CD store and logged on. And that never changes. Never gets better no matter how hard any mother or reporter wants to paint the facts and figures that flicker at the corners of their blinders. You turn the pig you're fucking around to get at her asshole and stick your feeler in. She's got the best tasting asshole I've ever dug my face into. I love the way her cunt tastes after I've flicked and dug inside her tight shy ass and I love watching my cock head flit inside it when it's opened up. Gaped and red rimmed and deeper black on its filthy own. With my spit and facial slobber all over it. Ass to cunt and cock to grab and paw. I told her to piss on me, in fact. Told her to pinch my nipples like a faggot when it didn't hurt enough and spat on my fingers when I figured her holes went dry. You know what oil tastes like? You know the difference between flesh that surrounds a shitty asshole and a pissy yeasty cunt and a sweaty fat cut unwashed cock and hairy old balls. And you learn to kiss that way, don't you. To make believe you're fucking and digging in some other hole that isn't readily available to you.

Let it tell you where to cum.

In its asshole cause it loves you that much.

Across its tits so that it can see what you look like when you receive the pleasure it wants to hand out to you.

In its mouth so that it could taste more of you, disgusting as it is, and can't help comparing it to the loads of at least fifty other men it picked up and slobbed back down in gin and cigarette hazes.

On its back. So you can see its shit.

Into its Sarahless womb.

Across its scar that it remembers better than you and all your cheap

sympathy. You should learn not to trade on others' tragedies.

So Roy Whiting didn't fuck the corpse as far as anyone can tell but since she was nude, and in the words of men who control the laws that get attached to burning memories, what happened to the little brand-named face was a sexual act.

Stand there. And let me see you. Like a trussed-up eight-year-old. While I masturbate. Into my hand. And if he had any brains. He would've known he was going to get caught and sentenced and attacked and he would have then done whatever he would've really liked to do. Given the chance. So if he didn't want to fuck it. Her cunt. And he didn't want to make her eat his cum after he splashed it all in his open palm. And across her face. Because she is definitely as cute as everyone else says she is. That pure. That innocent. That worthy. Of something better than this. Just this. If that's all true. Then maybe all he did was wipe it across her face. Hatefully cummed across her little face. That smiling sizable face. And then let the country rats do their work. Gnawed the fingers off that could have been told to feel and weigh and nibble at his adult thick english cock. How do you not get on your pathetic knees and crawl and scratch and search for uncircumcised genitalia like that now.

Why do you feel compelled to separate one from another. And, sat in these booths waiting to get sucked and dumpstered, how do you think I can avoid the thought that one of these sick thin animals might not have a cock that looks and tastes close enough to what little Sarah fucking hated before she choked to death. Or actually. That the slime in here would own kiddy porn and just, only just, want to fuck any child out there.

As police widen the search for Milly Dowler's killer and the country comes to terms with the deaths of Soham schoolgirls Holly Wells and Jessica Chapman, (Sussex Police Chief Superintendent Jeremy) Paine believes Amber could have an important role to play in the UK.

In his interview, he will say "I think it is absolutely brilliant."

"When it comes to investigating abducted children there are three key

bits to this. We are getting really good at prevention – we are getting pretty good at investigating after the event, but the number one priority is to save the life of a child and that is what Amber Alert is all about.”

(ABDUCTED CHILD SCHEME “A LIFESAVER”, BBC News, September 12, 2002)

Well-wishers thought it appropriate to sign the mail-in petitions for Sarah’s law and then wear the badge with Sarah’s face on it that the newspaper would send in reply. Other members of the amorphous public felt they had to dress up their children with t-shirts and placards that proved their children were aware of what was going on with little Sarah’s murder and the lesser possibilities of overly friendly or lonely neighbors. Still some more want to bark at all the police vans that carry the chained perverts to and from trial. The same way they want consolation when the little one’s hearse passes by their parade station. The Paynes receive mail from people who just want to offer comfort. Some others think they’ve suffered something similar and may be able to help.

Some paedophiles like the way a child breathes specifically. While others just take what they find when availability presents itself. Milly Dowler from Surrey was presented as a cute thirteen-year-old schoolgirl that went missing for six months. In a cruel stroke of worse luck, Milly’s parents gave an exclusive front page interview to the *Daily Mail* “exactly six months after Milly vanished,” for publication on September 20, 2002. It turned out to be the very day Milly’s body, only skeletal remains by then, was found in a woodland area in Hampshire. Her schoolgirl clothes were not included in the makeshift grave. And. Within a week of the naked find. While Milly’s parents visited the site to read the messages and see the flowers and teddy bears left by mourners. It was announced that the dump site had been used before:

Yesterday it was revealed that the body of a girl two years younger than Milly was dumped close to the same spot 42 years ago.

Brenda Nash was raped and strangled after being snatched from a West London street. Sex beast Arthur Jones was jailed for life in 1961.

(GOODBYE MILLY, Mike Darvill, *The Sun*, September 27, 2002)

In an effort to keep the hopeful search alive, Milly's parents worked with the media and police to release new photographs and home videotape footage of the thirteen-year-old. In March, a perfect clip of Milly playing her saxophone in her bedroom was issued. There was also a particularly cute scene of her ironing her jeans just before she left to go to a pop concert that she was especially excited about. Milly is wearing a tight belly shirt; exposing her soft flat stomach and small delicious navel. Mother Sally told the *Daily Mail's* Rebecca Hardy the specifics in a September 20, 2002 interview titled "WE USED TO SEND MILLY TEXT MESSAGES EVERY DAY. THEY'D START SO HOPEFULLY: 'WHERE ARE YOU, DARLING? PLEASE COME HOME, WE LOVE YOU.' NOW ALL WE CAN SAY IS: 'WE MISS YOU.'":

"I just had to get the video camera and film her because it was the first time Milly had ever done any ironing," says Sally. "Her sister Gemma was cooking tea in the kitchen, which was unusual as well. As I videoed them they were taking the mickey out of me."

Sally told the writer about her daughter's frayed pants:

"I used to think those jeans were so ghastly. I'd think: 'If only she'd put something pretty on she'd look lovely,' says Sally. "Now I pick them up and smell them – I smell her. I hug them and think: 'Oh, where is she?'"

Milly, real name Amanda, is a very attractive new teen. In the video. And in shared holiday snaps of her wearing a bikini top just underneath a cumbersome life jacket.

It would make sense that the jeans she ironed were the low-cut type usually worn very tight as was the fashion at the time. Rather than the baggy hip-hop variety. Hopefully. However. In a photo of the entire Dowler family taken at a run for charity, the thinnest daughter is wearing jogging pants and a white t-shirt that are both extremely oversized.

Sally could help:

"Sometimes crying helps. When I watch the ironing video I always think, that's Milly – particularly the silly little dance thing she does. It helps that it was taken so recently, just three days before she went missing.

"Milly was quite pleased with herself when we played the video back. She'd washed and done her hair, and she thought she looked quite nice. Milly was not terribly confident. She'd need little pep talks and reassurance."

Milly went missing after school on March 21, 2002. She was last seen in a railway station, after departing the train she took close to home, dressed in her school uniform.

She is seen in lousy black-and-white closed-circuit footage walking through the busy depot in her short school skirt and loosened white collar with slack black tie. Alone and slightly tarty. In the fetishy way so many english perverts lust for schoolgirl uniform satisfaction.

When Sara Payne learned of the case, she offered to help the Dowlers. Police from the Sarah investigation joined the Milly team. They would also join the massive search for Holly Wells and Jessica Chapman.

Pages from Milly's diary were published, according to the BBC on April 22, 2002, in an effort to aid in "an appeal for her safe return." And sixteen-year-old sister Gemma, who was too upset to talk publicly, released an open letter to Milly. It was handwritten and decorated with hearts and kissy x's. It took months until the older sister finally found it possible to give a face-to-face interview that could be spread out to an impressive amount of separate newspapers on September 22, 2002:

As the hours stretched into days Gemma started to have horrific nightmares and then found it impossible to sleep. She was eventually prescribed sleeping pills.

She said: "If I shut my eyes I could see Milly being stabbed. I also had visions of her stuck in a room with this man trying it on with her and I couldn't do anything to help her."

(SISTER GEMMA TELLS OF MILLY'S POIGNANT LAST GOODBYE,
Sarah Arnold, *News of the World*)

"It felt like they were sucking all the energy out of me. Mum explained that the police might think Dad was a suspect, and my uncles – all the males in our family – would have to be questioned really intensely. It was the worst feeling in the world to think that your Dad was being questioned for something to do with your sister. I can't imagine what it was like for him. It was really horrible when he came back from the police station. And the police kept wanting more photos of Milly and taking away more and more of her stuff. They searched our whole house, which was really horrible, because it meant that all her things had been touched. There was nothing left that Milly had been the last one to touch."

*("HOW WOULD YOU LIKE IT IF I STOLE ONE OF YOUR FAMILY?" ASKS MILLY'S BIG SISTER, Thair Shaikh, *Sunday Telegraph*)*

"When you try to go to sleep your heart goes boom, boom, boom and you think about everything. I had a panic attack and couldn't stop crying. Every time I shut my eyes I could see Milly being stabbed.

"It was the most horrible feeling. The doctor gave me tablets to calm me down."

*(TRAGIC 13-YEAR-OLD'S DISTRAUGHT SISTER TELLS OF FINAL PRECIOUS MOMENTS TOGETHER, Rebecca Smith, *The People*)*

Danielle Jones was a fifteen-year-old schoolgirl from Essex who went missing in June of 2001. Her body has never been found although her uncle, Stuart Campbell, 44, was convicted of her murder.

Campbell was sentenced to life in prison on December 19, 2002. After an eleven week trial where he refused to take the stand or answer police questions. He was convicted largely due to DNA evidence on girls' stockings found in his loft. He had also kept a diary that itemized his obsession with his niece. Danielle's mother testified that she became increasingly worried over the amount of time Campbell was spending with her child. He had left 19 text messages for Danielle during the

course of a single month. He called her Princess. Which is what Mr. Payne famously called his little Sarah. Mainly because little Sarah had such a hard time waking up and tended to hope everything would be done for her.

The detective shows Campbell the bloodstained stocking and says: "Has Danielle Jones ever been asked to wear these items of underwear?"

"No comment," says Campbell.

The detective says that Danielle had been described as a "shy, retiring 15-year-old schoolgirl not really breaking into womanhood."

"I would say it is fairly safe to assume this is not the sort of item of clothing I would expect Danielle Jones to be wearing," says the detective.

"No comment," says Campbell.

Campbell then intervenes to ask: "You are saying this is Danielle's blood?"

The officer explains that scientists have found traces of Danielle's DNA on the blood.

"Anything you can think of?" says the officer.

"No comment," says Campbell.

"Have you ever had any sexual contact or sexual intercourse with Danielle Jones?" asked the officer.

"No comment," says Campbell.

(KILLER'S REFUSAL TO CO-OPERATE, BBC News, December 19, 2002)

Evidence was presented in court that Mr. Campbell had approached teenage girls on the street, trying to invite them into his home by telling them he was a photographer. He had pled guilty to a 12 month suspended sentence in 1989 for "taking a child without lawful authority" after he was charged with abducting and taking indecent pictures of a 14-year-old girl. He had made that teenager pose in a karate uniform. He also received a 4 year jail term for "robbing" a 16-year-old girl.

Adults Jennifer Cairns, Kelly Fuller, Caroline Thompson and Neeley Bundock all told the court how Campbell either photographed them

or tried to photograph them when they were teenagers of sixteen and fifteen.

Miss Fuller was shown dozens of pictures, featuring herself and Miss Cairns, by the prosecution. In them, the court was told, the girls were wearing white blouses, ties, short PE skirts covered with badges and ripped stockings. "We were like St. Trinian schoolgirls," she said.

Miss Fuller told the court she went upstairs where she was photographed wearing her underwear, stockings and suspenders. Asked whether she was topless, she replied "Possibly."

Miss Cairns, also 31, told the court she posed both in her uniform and underwear. Asked by prosecutor Brian Altman whether any naked or semi-naked photographs were taken, she replied: "Yes."

(OUR TOPLESS ORDEAL WITH DANIELLE UNCLE, Rebecca English, *Daily Mail*, November 5, 2002)

Caroline Thompson, now 22, told Chelmsford Crown Court Mr. Campbell had approached her in August 1995 in Grays, Essex. He had persuaded her to return to his home where he photographed her.

The next thing she recalled was being on a settee and topless, although she said she did not think Mr. Campbell had removed her top.

(DANIELLE UNCLE'S 'GLAMOUR AGENCY CLAIMS', BBC News, November 5, 2002)

Orlando Pownall, QC, prosecuting, said Mr. Campbell was fascinated with pornographic websites with names such as Young Lolita Beauties and described as "100% free Japanese schoolgirl dirty pics."

He said when the police searched Mr. Campbell's home they found a handwritten list of teenage websites. Mr. Pownall said: "This defendant had an abiding passion for girls in school uniform."

(DANIELLE'S UNCLE HAD 'PASSION FOR SCHOOLGIRLS', BBC News, October 8, 2002)

Just a week before Campbell's trial was due to start in early October

2002, a detective constable named Chris Lacey, described as a “foot soldier” who followed leads and took statements as part of the Danielle Jones investigation, was arrested on charges of child pornography:

He is based in Colchester and worked on Danielle's case in the early stages of the inquiry but it is not thought he came close to her parents Tony and Linda.

(DANIELLE OFFICER HELD, Stephen Wright, *Daily Mail*, September 27, 2002)

Earlier in the month, two other officers had been arrested as part of a child pornography probe that first surfaced when the FBI started investigating pay-per-view child porn sites in America. Those cops, Brian Stevens, 41, and PC Tony Goodridge, 34, were both involved in the murder investigations of Jessica Chapman and Holly Wells. Unlike Chris Lacey, who didn't get to know the grieving and confused parents, Brian Stevens was specifically assigned to “support the family of Jessica Chapman.” Stevens read a poem at the Ely Cathedral service for the little girls.

Tony Goodridge had been responsible for cataloging the evidence in the Wells and Chapman inquiry. Physical abuse and erotic posing must be very different ideas in the minds of policemen. Though the child protection laws aim to fit them together. And this is something that the parents of Jessica Chapman will have to struggle with. How close did they feel to their new caring helpful friend. And did he actually help them through the initial stages of their grief. Did they ever feel that they leaned too heavily on the good detective? Ever take advantage? His large personality seemed to move beyond the expectations of his profession, perhaps. What if trust and sympathy really are only concepts made from easy rote drones. For suckers. It could make sense that cops hate these cocksucking mothers just as much as any journalist would. Think they're dumb cows. Look at that. Lucky. A developing taste for the cheap rigors of fact.

Welfare workers hate the scum in their lines. Lawyers, doctors, sales-

men. It's rare that child porn fanatics hate children as much as public officials say they do. It's rare that they want to see all the pain that there is supposed to be inside. Easy to understand the greasy fuck with his fingers all over it. And those who can't grasp the simple truth that the little mutilated cunt in the photo didn't look at all like the little smiling cunt in the file.

Jacqueline's eight-year-old daughter Antoinette is wearing a t-shirt emblazoned with the Sarah's Law slogan. Jacqueline justifies using her child in the campaign by saying it is "all about the children.

"It's happening to the children – it's the children they're after."
(CHASING THE BOGEYMAN, Dominic Arkwright, BBC News, August 23, 2002)

Would little eight-year-old Sarah Payne have stood smiling and waving. Or alternatively. Frowning and shaking her fist at the reporters filming her if she had lived and her bad luck had crushed someone else instead. What kind of mother was Sara Payne before she had her child muddied as part of someone's sickening impulsiveness? Nothing as boorish as asking whether mum is committed to her new crusade for the purest impossible altruism. Tragedy brings awareness. Just ask them. But for now. Was Sara the type who could have been moved to help out the other riotous grievers.

Would Sara Payne have dressed her little excited eight-year-old tart up in a vulgar oversized t-shirt scrawled across with Antoinette's Law.

People living on a Bournemouth estate say they are being "overrun" by paedophiles. Residents on the Townsend estate want the 17 offenders they say live in the area to be named.

Organizer of the campaign, mother of two Jacqueline Biesty, said: "Unless these people get named then no child is safe."

Dorset Police say that naming paedophiles would increase the risk to children because it would drive offenders underground.

(“NAME THESE PAEDOPHILES” SAY RESIDENTS, BBC News,

August 22, 2002):

The news videos of loud white trash screaming at the police vans that transferred Maxine Carr and Ian Huntley, the pair responsible for the murders of ten-year-olds Holly Wells and Jessica Chapman, looked exactly like the footage that showed Roy Whiting, murderer of Sarah Payne, and his transport team getting chased and egged. The same scenes were captured thirty five years earlier, in black and white, when Ian Brady and Myra Hindley were first delivered to court.

What was said on the Bournemouth estate in the wake of the murders of Holly and Jessica had, two years earlier, been said much more genuinely and violently on the Paulsgrove estate just after the murder of Sarah Payne. And the passionate cries for ejections and lynchings of released paedophiles had been heard well before either case brought child endangerment to the political level. In fact, while having nothing to do with the murders of little girls Holly, Jessica, and Sarah; the same old pool of time-served paedophiles had been at the heart of both protests. Known as the “Dirty Dozen,” but with more members and less organization, its mainly queer members and associates had been the subject of intense public hatred and media-led housing protests since the mid-nineties. Much of the information on this group comes from police interviews with rent boys who had been turned out by the members when very young.

Femme 14-year-old rentboy Jason Swift’s notoriety came long after his murder in 1984. When the gang suspected of killing him, having received light sentences for all but one of its members, started to be released from jail. There were claims of other murders, gang-rapes, and orgies but all went unpunished due to lack of evidence and reliable witnesses. Sidney Cooke, seen by most as the ringleader, was officially released from prison in 1998 after serving nine of a sixteen-year sentence for Jason Swift’s manslaughter.

With his sick fiends Robert Oliver, Lennie Smith and Leslie Bailey, he would drug the children before subjecting them to brutal assaults.

Operating from a flat on the Kingmead estate in Hackney, east London, the gang hired rent boys or snatched children off the streets and subjected them to horrific sexual torture.

A gang of men each paid 5 pounds to have sex with Jason in the “stinking, filthy” flat they used on the Kingmead. A few hours later he was dead. His body was found in a shallow grave on the outskirts of London.

(COOKE: THE PREDATORY PAEDOPHILE, BBC News, December 17, 1999)

Due to protests, town meetings, death threats, and small riots, Cooke was forced to stay in prison as a free man but officially protected by the police. Then, in late 1999, Cooke was jailed for life after admitting to having repeatedly abused two teenage brothers over a six year span during the seventies. The judge that sentenced the 72-year-old pervert said:

“The reports are adamant that, in spite of your advanced years, you remain for the time being and for an incalculable period, a serious danger to children and to young adolescents.

“Not only are you sexually fixated on them but there are within you wells of anger that make you particularly dangerous.”

Later. In January of 2002, Cooke was accused of raping a young prisoner at Whitemoor prison in Cambridgeshire. But again, charges were never brought due to lack of evidence.

Earlier. Cooke, during his initial stay in prison for the Jason Swift crime, drove a prison snitch to an emotional breakdown. A police informer had previously been paired with Cooke's friends Lennie Smith and Robert Oliver and met with some limited success. But Cooke was relentless. The rat's letters to his warders are excerpted in *Lambs To The Slaughter* (Ted Oliver and Ramsay Smith, Warner Books, UK, 1993):

Cooke's general conversation always turns to the little girls he had and to the little boys. The youngest girl he has abused to intercourse is six and

the youngest boy, four. Later, after he had had his nightly strip wash, he lay naked on the bed and masturbated while relating stories of child sexual abuse. He also told me several times how good looking I was and asked if I would like to masturbate him. I explained that I only liked women and young girls. I was disgusted. I had many visions of his penis penetrating the bodies of his victims.

And.

He becomes physically and sexually excited during these periods of talking about the abuse of children. He often fondles himself while talking. It is really sickening.

In June of 2001, two prison officers who had worked in one-on-one therapy programs on the sex offender ward at Albany Prison, where Sidney Cooke was jailed, won six-figure sums for the psychological damage incurred as a result of sessions that included “listening to prisoners’ detailed confessions and fantasies and role-playing their crimes.”

A psychologist who examined (Mundell) reported that he had “disturbing nightmares” and had been “profoundly affected” by his experience of working with serious offenders. He added: “There has seldom been a day when he has not had distressing thoughts about the programme.” Mr. Mundell came to fear he was an abuser himself and suffered flashbacks, mood disturbance, guilt and loss of self-confidence.

Mr. Bigby had a breakdown in 1996 and retired in 1998. A Home Office psychologist said he had a “number of acute anxiety episodes which have been precipitated by an almost phobic response to contact and even the sight of children.” The doctor said the phobia would “persist indefinitely” and Mr. Bigby would remain prone to panic.

(DAMAGES FOR SEX THERAPY WARDERS, Sean O'Neill, *Daily Telegraph*, June 6, 2001)

The *News of the World* again played up its campaign but removed the

“For Sarah” memorial from their masthead on the August 18, 2002 issue that announced the end of the search for Holly and Jessica. Letters bigger than the two photos of the girls that flanked the *News of the World* logo announced “THE END.” The issue featured then-typical pages dedicated to the paedophile problem in the UK. “MONSTERS IN OUR MIDST” was a map of their hiding holes. And in a caption singling out Nottinghamshire was:

Lennie Smith, 46, was jailed for abusing a boy of six. He is in a secure unit in Nottingham.

After Maxine Carr and Ian Huntley were charged and jailed for the murders, the protests and promises against paedophiles were grafted back to Sarah’s case. Cute Holly and Jessica were now no longer part of a needed campaign; just a senseless tragedy heightened by their attractiveness and obscene violation. It would take over a year for Huntley’s paedophile-ish background to come to light. Initially the abduction and murder were treated as madness; sinister but inexplicable.

There are family shots titled “HOLLY AND JESSICA: THE END.” Little Holly, then nine, in a loose pink bikini sticking her shiny smooth chest out towards the camera and offering a surprising curve to her thin long torso and deep navel.

Looking even younger, she sports a fake tattoo on a boney shoulder when she smiles elegantly above a thin black top. Haloed by long radiant blonde hair.

The *Daily Mail* of August 8, 2002. The Thursday after the Sunday that the girls went missing. A full color, full page reproduction of the photo Holly’s mother took of the pair in their identical football jerseys just 90 minutes before they officially vanished. And inside, on page 7, was a color photo of little Holly in a majorettes outfit. Her’s. Holly was a majorette.

The *Daily Mail*’s photo section a day before featured a large portrait of extra blonde Holly wearing a tiny crown and the caption “PRETTY AS A PRINCESS” underneath. She wore the crown as part of a brides-

maid outfit. However, the *Daily Telegraph* of the same day, August 7, 2002, included a color photo of Holly with slumped shoulders and a sumptuous degree of knee poking through a lovely black dress. Her thin coming frame was slightly covered by a sash announcing her win as a carnival princess. The majorette really was a princess.

The best shot of Jessica is a snap of her on holiday reclining on a wooden bench. She's wearing short shorts and a light blue sports shirt. She's flat chested and all very long legs. Her smile is bemused and smart. Holly was much more of a girl. A blonde pampered femme to her best friend Jessica's butch.

1. First cunt to show it.

"I do like that picture very much. Very pretty. And I can still see the same child now. She's even prettier now. You believe that, don't you? You don't need anyone to tell you you're pretty do you? I like that photo very much. She looks good in that dress. I'll tell you my favorite photo of her. The one from her birthday party. I counted the candles. She's got her hand to her chest. She's wearing something shiny and pink and a stupid birthday hat that she's a bit too old for. The other brats at the table, sat behind their ugly country smiles and smarty rolls, aren't too old. But it really does demean her. She's better than that. Smarter than that. Just wait. You'll see."

"I've descended to the point, the plateau, where I don't even want the adults to pull out a tit like all the street whores do so carefully. I don't even want the pinched beasts to look at my cock or the way I rub and fist myself to a pathetic imploded semi-public cum. The way you might expose your adult genitalia at schoolgirls or little boys you'd like to turn into future faggots. I don't even want to touch them at all. Not because I think they're disgusting or loathsome. Though they most certainly are. But I've touched garbage before. I've fucked and mounted nothing but garbage my entire life and would probably have more of a perfectly obvious problem of trying to fuck something that didn't seem so oblivious.

I don't, no matter what you think, figure that these miserable bending and accepting pits and divots really deserve any better or worse than any of this. I'm not spreading my low level on top of them or looking to jimmy or judge personal barometers or comparisons. I'm not here long enough to even form an opinion. Whatever goes stop in their lined little sloped minds is of no approachable or quantifiable consequence. And, fuck, if I'm the worst troll they've had all night, I can't say, honestly, since I didn't beat them or steal from them, that it's all that terrible a job. Or life. I'm sure, however, that they wouldn't return the favor. If one of the countless thousands of newsreporters always there to report on the morals of those beneath them were to ask one of the male frames how she felt now that she knew that the fat old man jerking his inconsequential everything in front of her was a would-be child rapist, nigger rapist, serial rapist, chronic masturbator, mouth pig, aids spreader, ass to cunt finger-fucking coward, it's easy to assume that she'd burp all forms of colorful hatred and self-knowledge. Just being in the same room with me was enough to make her feel sick. Can you imagine if one of my flesh-searing paws were actually drawn down her breast or around her waist. If I touched the tip of my tongue to her nipple or her cumstained cunt. If I had looked too closely at her spread-open asshole and paid the extra money to stick my cock inside. Wrapped up in a condom. Or my tongue – again. She'd tell the tabloids how a fucking photo fucking roach paid to lick around her asshole but she drew the line at insertion."

"Sat across from a hooker and shared a shitty cup of warm tea with her, I couldn't possibly mention these photos. My little rat photos. Though I don't think she'd be all that surprised. But I don't think she'd believe me that in the vast majority of these shots, the little child is clothed. Fully clothed. And well attended to and protected and clearly cared for. And in the ones where she's not clothed. The very few. That come from the bathroom and the bedroom or the french seaside and hot little french country walks. Little skinny topless smiles and tight bikini bottoms as she learned to play in the sand. And later how to sunbathe. She's no different in any one of the greater collection. I like seeing her

nipples and her bare little cunt and I can see it all the way her mother would tell her she has a cute little bum. All underneath her clothes or her smile or her angry little recorded petulance and child anger. That child no longer exists. The woman who spreads and squats and sucks and swallows now, wherever she is, does not have that child's tight little body only stretched out and over-educated. Not now. I'll give you an example. Some fat fuck in his forties looks at these photos. Masturbates constantly. Staring at the child in the little outfits she was squeezed and taught into. From a toddler up to a teen and just up into her drunken adulthood. Scumbag has them spread out all over his wooden bedroom floor. Widening his eyes frantically as he tries to fuse image with the perfect response and cums when he comes across the exact perfect look or pose or would-be flesh feel. It would, somehow, be more acceptable to sit in a bar, in public, looking at these photos. A very small selection of such or, perhaps, the ones you just got that day. And pretend that you miss the woman that these darling shots grew into. Masturbating at home later would be you recalling how well she fucked and how horrible you fucked and how sinister your plans were but only to your revolting fat fucking self. Take those images and leave them next to the ashtray and cigarette pack and head into the toilet to let some leather plug lick your balls while you tool yourself. Blame it on the mirror above the toilets or the old stench of poppers. Just so you know that when you cum, wherever, it's because somewhere twisted inside that aging trunk and stupidity is the map that forgot that the little child looks like she could be split into two bleeding halves starting at her cunt and smearing across her screaming baby sliced face. Inside your bedroom. Or your toilet. You give into yourself. You become the hulking mass everyone hopes you're somehow not. Why would I want to see this ugly whore naked now. As if I didn't know what was there. Or as if I could see something I responded to. Something fucking new. I am, so far, completely within the law. And, stupidly, it's that severe but specific reduction that creates the definition of pornography. Pornography is not an image. It's not an act. It is defined from the outside by those who threaten me. It is purely what I do to an image. Or a fucking act that I only run through

my head. It is the limitations you accept. What little I think I can live with. You're bound to be disappointed."

2. You don't do it for show but you talk about it. Fucking constantly.

"Pick out one of the girls who dance naked behind glass so that men can masturbate. It's a quarter for 30 seconds. In San Francisco it's a quarter for 15 seconds. Only a few booths are low enough to allow the naked women to view the men actually pulling on themselves and cumming. Most of the times the women are looking directly into mirrors. At Club 88 in Paris, there's a french nigger with a mop who darts into the peep-booth you just jerked off onto just as soon as you exit. The men that go to these booths and masturbate while they look at the naked women or the badly fucking couples, most often, only care about how large a pig's breasts are or how firm an ass is or, when they're lucky, how spread open a cunt gets. They always take what they get. The idea that men should be respectful of the naked women comes from the naked women pretending to be respectful of the men masturbating. But the true ire actually comes from the tacit capitalist non-agreements that these men should simply be kind and let these wiggling animals get through their shifts with as little hassle as possible. The way you wouldn't want to bug a retail clerk with too many questions or the special way you want your burger. Or. Something more expensive and classier where the customer is supposed to be always right and the extra work is greatly appreciated. None of it really matters. Most of the girls are young. Early twenties. Very early twenties. And that is what is being sold. Like every other non-niche pornographic experience. Youth. Available youth. It's not surprising that someone would think that a book on booth strippers is not a chance to appreciate some art student's art portfolio. Someone in the publishing house must've thought for a minute or two, at least, that the book would be sold for men to masturbate to. I've heard publishers talk before. They're disgusting. Just like the naked women knew all along. The atmosphere is sick. But less because of the sad men who obviously weigh down the poor psyches of the naked women by treating

them as resented pedestals and sperm receptacles. And more from the low market price the naked women have accepted for a stress free job. The one with the big tits since fourteen. Any one of them. With all the careful tattoo work that looks exactly like all the other individuals with all the exact same careful tattoo work. Which one wants to admit that while they're older than mcdonald's employees, they're just not better. There's all kinds of nine-to-five stress to be found in those little palsied puddles. The ones on the floor and the ones pretending to dance. Protected from the splash but not the sight. Or just the filthy idea. Ask the youngsters. I would. Can the beat-offs sense their simmering hatred of males as they try and decide whether or not a back bend might be a nice treat? Do you think the men give a fuck? The waste that they don't have to clean up. Who wants to see them happier than this? Who would be really proud of you? Who is. It's the women who barely look back into the cum booths and find the revolting lack of respect palpable. And the pig fucking trolls who deposit their quick cum in here like faucets know the human rules better than the faking pigs that disdain them. One of the two knows full well that you can clean a bucket. That that is what you do. That it is possible to wash the mess out and scrub it to brand new. You can certainly eat out of it again. Lazy cunts will always seek to rationalize their jobs by explaining their understanding of the greater good. How many strippers and hookers work as hard as they do for their children. And so I can't be wrong when I know full fucking well that the cutest thing in here is the little rat held in its old mother's arms behind the curtain they fucking crawl through. But it's not strict pedophilia. In the sense that the little four or five-year-old smiling rat isn't only attractive as a seriously unhealthy mix of drug dealer and white trash. I like this little rat because of its mother. Because its mother is interviewed by the boss and then it's her personality that's allowed to be sold quicker than the friendly old hag who looks like she's been doing all of this all her life. You can find the pretty in naked women. But it's almost always easiest to look for that in them as a child. It's always what they could be carrying. More than anything, she is dedicated to protecting her daughter. She won't let it be treated the way she was

treated. Like when she was younger. And how much worse it could have been if she hadn't left to become a prostitute and then a booth dancer for all those months and years that she'd rather not think about except to point backwards to her real-life bravery. I especially like barrettes and little mexican fingers. None of the cum gets on the kids in the back or stains them except in bad metaphors. They aren't interested in seeing your cock or what it can do. Generally, none of them are. Aside from the littlest rat that never gets to see it. The best thing about the life are the men in the booths, masturbating. It's not that they have more personality than the naked women. Or that the naked women can't help but be uglier than clothed women. It's that you can just tell that the pervert stories will be better without all the spirituality or boring work complaints. Not that that is what sex is not about. These men are defined by the contempt these naked and paid women have for them. Which I would never argue against. It's a better possibility that these fat trolls have even worse sexual tendencies than the ones they barely, furtively, display there. There was a truly revolting peep show pit on the south side of Chicago. I'd stop in there when I was returning from my meat market deliveries. I'd go in stinking of the meat I'd deliver in an unrefrigerated unairconditioned van. Mainly chicken. Hundreds of pounds of chicken laid out in slick boxes and packed in melting ice would drip into the back of the truck and the blood and the slime carried by the water would run in streams back and forth into the cab along the ridges in the rusty metal. My leather boots would carry the heavy stench into my sweaty pants and mix with the heavier thicker blood splattered onto my shirt from the unclean frock I had to wear in the butchering and packing floors before I went on my route. I could still find men that would suck my hard-on through one of the three glory holes inside of the video stalls in the back of the shop. In the front were the dancers. And behind the zoo glass, and the drink and coke, I'm sure they could smell virtually nothing. Not even the cum that still made its way to my nose and tongue. Even above the chlorine swabbing and southside nigger sweat. As ugly as these naked women were. Gyrating and spreading and licking the air for niggers that don't tip and then take a long time to

cum. The mexican men who sucked all cocks – including niggers and truck driving greaseballs – were much lower on a sliding scale. I wouldn't be surprised to see them lick the cum off the glass partitions of the dancers, though I never did. What made this place unique is that the ugly naked women danced within a circle formed by the surrounding booths. For a quarter, a full-length wood screen would drop revealing a naked drug addict or alcoholic behind the glass. The masturbating men had a choice between ignoring or staring at the other masturbating men all supposedly looking at the same single naked ugly woman in the middle. For most of the regulars, who didn't need to act surprised at the sight of men masturbating or getting ready to masturbate just like themselves, the choice between genders was never an option. These men didn't fall in here hoping to see something better than what was on offer. Anything met a small need. The niggers didn't really understand. The idea that these men were going to go home and weep out of loneliness or never ever get loved or be a loving part of some stupid couple here is ridiculous. There's a lot of men masturbating right now to thoughts they don't dare inflict on, or suggest to, their wives, girlfriends, boyfriends, whores. Not that I give a fuck about those men. Not that I see myself as part of that tribe either. You'd catch the gaze of some jerking pig and see it pointing directly at your hard cock and hairy fat wobbling balls. Your pumping fist. While the idiot woman got in the way again and again. And you'd reciprocate. You either cum or you don't. Often I would push the fat in around my pelvis to give my hard-on its better size. Either that or I'd bunch up my balls in my fist and bounce the bulge at the pig-faced faggot. Pinch my nipples like a queen. Get him to do the same. I'd rather see his hairy flabby ass yanked open to his shithole than the skinny drawn drunkard too lazy to even think of a job that doesn't allow her downtime. All among niggers and other white trash exactly her speed. And eventually both of you would be at the glory holes in the back. As if some hot mouth made better sense than your own hand. As if this was different than watching the naked cow clip clop. Would respect, there, include trying to time your orgasm to his? Like you do when the naked woman was looking at you. Just after

the big tip. Or the assignation. Or the needed agreement not to hurt the unlovable animals in the zoo brave enough to stick their cocks into the cages. To not piss in their booths, mouths, on their glass, in your hands and in your pants. To say thank you or please. The women were far uglier than the fattest, shortest, most psychotic men.”

3. Old men can not comment on the sexuality of children.

“She had her digits missing. And her face peeled back. By nature. And when I think of all the hideous regretted places I’ve masturbated, around, because, on. I can’t help but think of her and her’s. The same way, believe it or not, that I love the one that asked me to cum across her pretty face when I think it would have been better, now that I think about it, not to. Roy Whiting was found with scratches down his chest when he was initially brought in for a police interview. I often look at the red scratches, that I’m sure are much deeper than the ones that were across his aging belly, that track down my bloated stomach and lumped chest and see if I can imagine it closer to the scratches an eight-year-old’s last pleading claw must have dragged. These slits only hurt days later when I’m not expecting it. I face the bathroom mirror, while I plan my hated drunk wash in the morning, and see my cock recede soft. I pull the scratches apart to see if I can drain pus and drip blood. See if the cuts are infected or even deep. I asked them to do it. Always. But the faggots are never that angry or strong. Or willing or, more than anything, interested. The scratches, truth be told, occur almost naturally. I try to get my stubby drunken confused length in as far down their throats as possible and tell them to scratch as if it helps them feel slightly better about the contempt I’m pumping into their open all. As if they’re not already disgusted. In the morning, all I want to see is how bad it could have gone and it never gets quite that horrible. It’s never quite like totally losing oneself in the moment or like a car mechanic seizing his immediately placed chance to snatch up a little girl like unaware unsuspecting unbothered Sarah and raping her once, somehow, for the rest of his entire life in jail now. How special was Sarah at

that moment in particular. Specifically. Before she had a fucking name like she has now. Something that never gets answered. And if it did. You can bet it would have been spat back during an interview given by the parents as an example of how evil and disgusting the child killer was and is. But I do think it's important. Did he ask her name. Or was it just constant screaming and shouting to stop it. Such a small frame. Who else squeaks the same way, you have to wonder. I try thinking about all the videos I've seen and I can't remember one Brit that I actually got to hear. There's an amazing phonecall I heard but nothing with an image attached mouth to voice. Not at any near-enough age."

It is understood that, as a convicted sex killer, Whiting is kept on a segregation unit. Under Prison Service rules, inmates – including sex offenders – who may fear for their own safety in jail can be placed in self-imposed isolation. However, these areas have communal corridors.

Whiting abducted Sarah as she played in a field near her grandparents' home in Kingston Gorse, West Sussex, in July 2000. The car mechanic from Littlehampton had a previous conviction for a sex attack on a young girl, for which he had been sentenced to only four years.

(SARAH KILLER IS KNIFED IN THE FACE BY PRISONER, Ben Taylor, *Daily Mail*, August 6, 2002)

Possible that Sarah's parents were told early on that Whiting was responsible for the death of their daughter. The killer had been arrested three separate times before finally being officially charged and tried. The Payne's vehement cries for the rights of families to know about convicted paedophiles in their midst was quite possibly due to this private and unacknowledged revelation. Reasonable that the tabloid that informed the couple then depended on their support as the campaign against perverts became responsible for riots and vigilante attacks. Without question, Sara and her husband Michael gave unprecedented access to the *News of the World*. Posing at PR events like the construction of a playground named in Sarah's honor. And being photographed opening "Sarah's Law Campaign" mail in the offices of the *News of the*

World. The brutalized pair were stood next to a five-foot poster of their child's famous portrait. With "Little Princess" printed just below her darling kid chin. The parents had long ago traded down their lives to the awesome importance of saving children just like Sarah before they can become children just like Sarah.

Sara, 33, said: "I have built a brick wall around my heart. It's sometimes too much to bear that I am alive when Sarah isn't and a few drinks help me to put those feelings to the back of my mind.

"For the first 18 months after Sarah's murder, alcohol was a way of coping with being alive. I am trying to ease off but I have to cope any way I can. I also smoke between 60 to 80 cigarettes a day, which is far too much."

(TWO YEARS ON ... SARAH PAYNE'S PARENTS GIVE A MOVING INTERVIEW, Rachel Betchly, *Sunday People*, June 30, 2002)

The full-page portrait of mum Sara that frames the interview in the *Sunday People* is remarkable in that it didn't need, for perhaps the first time in two years, to position the woman as emblematic of anything but fatigue. Her acne scars are clear through her bare make-up. She looks like she might've even been picking at them. Other blotches and bumps that could be moles or just more zits are spread all over a glassy drawn stare. Had it been placed next to a bubble quote of heroin addiction, rather than how dirty her house is and how she and her husband drink "to blot the pain," the tabloid article would have been seen as something the young hag fucking deserved. Plastered on a video box cover and stuck up on a porn shelf; an important market for lowebb junkie fucks could easily be exploited. All terribly petty.

There were 10 balloons to represent Sarah's age if she were still alive. And there were tears when a charity song, backing our campaign for Sarah's Law, was sung.

Mum Sara said that tomorrow the family will remember Sarah privately and over the next few days will visit her grave. She added: "Sarah is always with us – and never forgotten."

(10 BALLOONS FOR SARAH'S STOLEN YEARS, *News of the World*, June 30, 2002)

About halfway between vanishing and discovery, the August 11, 2002 issue of the *News of the World* published an open letter from Sara Payne to "the abductor or abductors of Holly Wells and Jessica Chapman." She told the killer that she understood his fear of being caught. That she knew he was facing some "terrifying decisions." "Let them go" she repeated over and over:

It may be hard to believe that this is the best thing for you to do. Jessica and Holly may know who you are. You are surely worried about them talking to police.

It doesn't matter. Take them to a place where they can easily reach safety and let them go.

If it is difficult to believe that this is the best thing for you to do, then don't take my word for it.

Look at Roy Whiting, the man who took my little girl Sarah away from us forever. If he had let her go he would not be in prison for the rest of his life. If he had let her go, his own mother would not have lost a son forever and his own son would not have lost his father.

If he had let her go I would be sitting with Sarah now. We would have our problems, but we would put them behind us. We would have worked until we were able to live the rest of our lives as if she had never been taken. To have Sarah back would be a gift to our family beyond any price or treasure imaginable on earth.

You have the power to make this gift to not one family but two. Don't let yourself become another Roy Whiting.

Let Jessica and Holly go home.

Poor Sara would have done considerably more damage to the situation had the children actually been kept alive somewhere. She starts off by saying:

You may think that no one in the country cares about your problems, but I care about them from the bottom of my heart.

Pitied woman slits herself open. Her overwhelming loss. Her evil Roy Whiting. The recurring fear of even more just like him. The letter seeks to pierce the sad sick inhumanity of people that bestial. Addressed to him. For a sycophantic audience.

Is it possible that the mother of the loudest campaign to rid the world of paedophiles ever has come through these hard slow days without a clue as to just how selfish paedophiles are as a small breed. Is it possible that the *News of the World* gave a fuck about the content yet wanted another example of the Payne's close and mutually supportive relationship to their publication concerns.

Surely Ms. Payne was told that most stranger abductions end in the death of the child almost immediately. That pleases to loosen guilt or to inject fear or sympathy aren't going to work as well as concrete legal deals or offers of mental health help. Directly reminding the Holly and Jessica rapist of another fuck-up "chancer" like Roy Whiting would only convince him to keep them even longer. So that he might squeeze every single possibility out of their little finally available cavities. Rarefied knowledge would make jail tolerable for a paedophile. Memories. One altered reality now perfect. You don't have to fantasize, hope, dream anymore. Crossed over to knowing what fucking a bound tight frightened child feels and suffers like. He owed that to himself. Above everything else. No matter what. The paedophile knows the angry reaction of all those press and public slugs that attacked Whiting. And about the very real lunkhead threats that await him in jail. He knows this far better than he cares about anyone's mother. Including his own. But this last timmendequa act was more important. He's already understood that mothers don't matter. That they talk about themselves while pretending they're talking for everybody. Worse. He's now proved that they lie about their concern.

Ian Brady wrote a book from jail. Frustratingly, only about other people's crimes. Had Sara been serious about either her compassion or, even

better, her interest in helping the increasingly bleak matter at hand, she might have echoed one of Brady's stronger points:

Being in the position of having tasted both fantasy and deed, I can candidly testify that fantasy is invariably more hedonistically superior, its creator having the advantage of omnipotence. The safer one feels from interruption or capture, the more intense and rounded the act.

I can also state with authority that, contrary to popular belief, much crime is tedious and repetitive hard work, wearing on the nerves and an anti-climax. In the words of the song by Peggy Lee, after the completion of each successive, escalating crime, the criminal is left spiritually asking himself: 'Is That All There Is?' Pervasive emptiness accentuates a nihilistic syndrome. The hunt for the chimerical key to knowledge, life, power or the ultimate sensation becomes a never-to-be-satisfied addiction.

(THE GATES OF JANUS, Ian Brady, Feral House, 2001)

Sara Payne should know about this book. As spokeswoman for such an important cause, her public would expect some degree of sacrifice greater than the knowledge of what an empty bedroom looks like. Unless they understand they can't ask for anything more than she's already lost.

In a better world, should Sara still have felt committed to the cause and remained unshakable in her belief that humanity is better than its slithering child molesting stratum, she could have reminded the killer – or killers to be – of a case that took place in Hastings, East Sussex, as recently as January, 1999.

Two more ten-year-old girls; chubby Charlene Lunnon and toothsome Lisa Hoodless, were abducted by 45-year-old Alan Hopkinson. After four days of sexual assault, the police found the girls still alive at Hopkinson's apartment. The search was led by Jeremy Paine who also led the Sarah Payne investigation.

On May 28, 1999, Alan Hopkinson was sentenced to life in prison for the crimes. Jeremy Paine said it was the worst case he had ever worked on. The father of one of the victims said that he was certain that Hop-

kinson had planned to kill the girls after he was done with them.

In interviews, the girls said Hopkinson drew up in a car, grabbed them, covering their mouths as they screamed, and bundled them into the vehicle's boot.

Hopkinson drove them first to his parent's house and later to his own flat above a shopping center in Kingfisher Drive, Eastbourne.

At times Mensa-member Hopkinson tied them up, and on occasion when he left the house he would carry them to his car in a black bag. At one point he drove the girls to notorious suicide spot Beachy Head – police believe he considered driving them all over the cliff to their deaths.

Hundreds of local people joined the police search, which was the biggest missing persons hunt Sussex Police had staged.

(PAEDOPHILE KIDNAPPER GIVEN LIFE, BBC News, May 28, 1999)

The local police were familiar with Hopkinson's previous arrests and his reputation as "The Perv" on the estate in which he lived. He was being investigated for other attacks on children at the time of his final arrest. He had been officially reprimanded for allowing children to visit his flat.

Jeremy Paine was a former presenter on the UK TV show *Crimewatch* that employs the public's help in tracking down criminals. Rather like John Walsh's meritorious *America's Most Wanted*. Charismatic Mr. Paine has also been a champion of Child Rescue Alert that interrupts local TV and radio shows when a child has been kidnapped. Modeled after the american Amber Alert system. CRA was a focal point of the Sarah's Law campaign.

How much is a common mother supposed to take in. How did she pick her words and formulate her advice. Her audience needs to know. Who is responsible for feeding the information to this woman and what are the possibilities of retention during grief as intense as hers.

Sara Payne said yesterday: "There are over 100 funded organizations

looking after the interests of offenders but only a handful of under-funded victims' groups. There should be some equality.

"Our family's painful experience made me want to encourage more research and help for the true impact of homicide on the victim's family, friends, relatives, local community and society in general."

(BETRAYED – THERE ARE 100 SUPPORT GROUPS TO HELP CRIMINALS ... BUT JUST ONE FOR THESE MURDER VICTIMS' FAMILIES, Anna Gekoski, *News of the World*, February 17, 2002)

A large group photo. Sara is sat next to the mother of James Bulger; the tiny two-year-old boy that was molested and murdered by two cutie ten-year-old schoolboys. Posed behind the two mothers are eighteen other famous or not-famous victims once removed. Included is Alan West; stepfather of dearest 10-year-old Lesley Ann Downey.

It is not altogether clear who actually showed up at the meeting and who was grafted into the photo by art. Alan West might have been able to offer some grieving advice to Sara since he had watched his wife succumb to drug addiction and cancerous rage for a slow thirty years plus.

Mr. West could have told Ms. Payne about aesthetics. About him having a child picked out of a teeming crop because it somehow was supposed to look better than all the others. Too. Separate both little beautiful children: Lesley and Sarah. The filth didn't recognize the special package they were throwing away. There is resentment, even, that the beasts couldn't see beyond the demands of immediate availability. Children are better than this. All of them princesses.

Danielle van Dam's mother couldn't understand that her daughter didn't move her murderer to pity. The purely human response to innocence and vulnerability.

"I ask you why did you not let her go? Why didn't you drop her off in a safe place? If you had done so, she would be with her family now and you would not be facing death. What were you thinking as you killed her? Did she not touch your heart one bit? If not, you are heartless; you are an empty shell. You are nothing. If she did, reclaim some decency and apologize to

her brothers, her parents and your own children and this community. This should not be happening to our children. Our children should be able to be innocent children and safe in our community and our world.”

What would have happened if little Danielle simply held her hands up. Held her arms out. Gave up and cried and accepted that all of this was utterly bigger than she was able to comprehend. Seven-years-old, fuck's sake. Looked to him for help, finally. Complete and stopped. Searching for comfort. A hug to make it all stop. Just stop it now. Please.

Choose a little rat because of the qualities the parents and the ignorant public later ascribe to them. The charming stories that sputter out of teary spittled mouths about their child's uniqueness. Precious. How it bounced in its basket and every single minute ever since. Only the nothing didn't know it. And if only it were true. If only it didn't ring so easy and empty. Every single time the parents opened their mouths in front of a too polite audience. If only it didn't reinforce what the child molester knew. As if it hadn't already confirmed what he suspected.

Creeps are looking deeper inside all the promises the press molded from parents. There is no one more open to the experience of mothering fairy tales than the pigs anywhere right now on their knees. They don't want revenge on another's good luck. They don't want petty transference stolen from the happies being lowered down to their levels. They've yet to see anyone capable of telling the truth in such forums. Their grasping experiences and half-wit proxies are extravagant. Lessened, forever thwarted, as they force themselves to rely on what is said by the liars who're supposed to know. They are looking for a calming effect. They are looking for what others say they have. Without love or god or trust. They are looking to be proven wrong.

In the 1995 attack, Whiting spotted a girl playing in the street, dragged her into his car and drove to a secluded spot in Sussex. He told her he had a knife and a rope then ordered her to strip. He assaulted her and tried to force her to commit indecent acts. It is thought that he used this tactic when taking Sarah Payne.

(SARAH'S KILLER TO BE QUIZZED OVER UNSOLVED MURDER CASES, David Bamber, *Sunday Telegraph*, December 16, 2001)

Greg Friedler specializes in photo books of naked people. He twins a clothed picture with a naked picture, both taken in front of the same backdrop, and then titles each piece with an age and profession. In his first book, *Naked N.Y.* (W.W. Norton, NY, 1997), he makes a worried, careful distinction between naked and nude:

"As I see it, photographing someone naked is about trying to get at some kind of truth, whereas photographing someone nude is linked more to sexual gratification, eroticism, or our conventions of beauty. In a photograph, a naked person stands for and represents him or herself, whereas a nude wears the invisible outfit of an ideal or an object of desire, which prevents us from coming in contact with the real person. My concern is not to represent the way people want to look, but to record the way they do look."

His next two books wouldn't alter the idea. *Naked L.A.* and *Naked London* drooped into tourist sales. Naked strangers as reflecting the differences in coasts and countries. That people were different. Transmogrified. As if the idea couldn't be just as neatly expressed on different bus routes.

You're looking for cock size. And the way they hide it. The way their faces record their pride or lack of embarrassment. On women. You're looking for hip malformations and bellies. And their resplendent acceptance.

The artist, ridiculous for someone looking for naked truth, publishes his portraits in black and white gray gloss. In NY he stands them in front of a wall and plumbing pipes. In LA he puts them in front of weeds, bricks and sunny plaster cracks. London is striped wall paper in a hotel elevator foyer.

Mr. Friedler's fourth book of photographs was called *Mattress*. Here naked women were photographed lying, individually, on the same tacky flower print mattress. Wants to look dirty but needs to stay clean.

Rivets and planks rise from the corner that the mattress is shoved in. This time only women are collected. In color. And reclining, generally, in self-assured or, at least, self-perpetuating poses. They're more like suburban transgressive models. The ones that contemporary magazines like to pretend are edgy but are in fact the norm. Piercings and typical little tattoos and bad black hair dyes and thick lipstick jobs and blonde bob cuts that get sold to men far above the models' peer ages. Outside of their goth cliques, these women meet the exact same standards created by men looking to find pornography that won't allow its models to make their living from it. It's a tits and ass book. It's Friedler admitting his limited worth.

It is what rapists want most of all. To see what is under the clothes and manners of everyone. Especially the uglier ones. The ones that don't think you care. The ones that might not think like you. Or the ones that may even surprise you by pulling on their cocks at the urinal next to you. It's men who want to see children as prettier than the dress-up dolls you pretend they are.

The naked standers answered ads. This wasn't Ugly George digging for the vanity he sniffed. And the mattress flung in a corner is a cliché of would-be rape pornography. From seventies Avon films to child pornography nightmares. How do you revisit a rape scene except by calling it art.

Annabel Chong is a trademark that gained notice from being filmed as the sloppy centerpiece in the *World's Biggest Gangbang*. And a documentary was needed to try and explain the woman inside the mess beyond the mess. First, as a sexworker used by the degenerate money slobbing LA porn industry and second, as a lost college student unable to mold the verbiage of feminist studies and transgressive sociology into a usable shape of entrepreneurship. The documentary, reductively titled *Sex*, followed her to film shoots and college classes. Plus. Annabel allowed herself to be filmed cutting herself in dramatic druggery with a razor blade, coming out to her shamed singaporean mother about her life as a porn actress and even revisiting the scene of the gang rape she suffered before she ever considered being a porno star.

The documentary is not Annabel's work. Though from all the promotion she did in its service, it's safe to say that this subtlety may be lost on her. Which is unfortunate. Because it's impossible to sound anything but bitter or prudish when one points out the glaring holes in Annabel's shambolic reasoning. Especially when it is what's being sold by her former boyfriend/filmmaker.

Feminist critique via self-aggrandizement. Annabel tries to overcome her core shyness by adopting the role of the only sensible and pretty voice the sexual empowerment league ever had within its desperate rank. She smiles, darts her glance away and mumbles that the gangbang of two hundred and fifty one carefully counted acts performed inside and outside her body by only scores of men was a "pisstake on masculinity." And everything that happened past that point, in her porn career and her new college study program on sex, somehow relates to her bravery in challenging social mores and repressive sexual fears. She is forever willing to take it to the next level. She says. She hopes. Which, only a fat prude would point out, seems to include letting a cheap documentary maker convince you to sink your current sexual stupidity into your carefully hidden past and indelicately protected family.

The filmmaker, Gough Lewis, followed Annabel Chong, real name Grace Quek, to her family's home in Singapore. Where she was supposed to dramatically tell her mother about what she did for a subsistence level living. Prior to that unnecessary lifetime revelation, the struggling Grace is filmed bragging to an old worried friend about her brains and strength in the sex industry back in Los Angeles. She tells him there are people who really care about her in LA. That she's famous. The friend then talks to the camera in Annabel's absence:

"I remember, you know, I had pretty bad feeling about it. Some of them. They are really really slugs, you know, and they don't deserve to do such a thing to her. You know. I mean. If she wants it, that's fine. That's fine. That's – that's just how I feel."

She revisits a favorite art schoolteacher and tells him how well she's

been doing, never mentioning that she's making porn films. She seems genuinely happy to be there and wants to impress her old teachers as having gone off to America and made an artistic success of herself. Naturally, she doesn't use the same old LA sex success line on them. Naturally, pathetically, the teachers don't let the giggly tearful young lady know that they already know what she does. So Lewis includes a subtitle to let the audience in on the secret. It's more than a wink. More than a tacky in-joke or a little jab at her ego. It perfectly sums up Anna-bel's participation in the documentary, if not her life. Neither being her own. She's happiest when she thinks everyone believes she's as smart as them. She genuinely seems like she hopes they don't listen too hard.

Lewis succeeds in dragging Grace down far further than she needed to be. Or that she would have agreed to had she been smart enough to see it coming. Turning the people who might generously care for her into sold backdrops caught helplessly, stupidly, in her self-destructive self-lacerating PR balloon.

When her mother learns about her porn career she is devastated and hateful. Never mind that mom found out from a harassing phonecall after Grace repeatedly chickened out. The filmmaker records the painful clash from behind a hidden screen crack somewhere. And whether or not the director is himself responsible for the phone call – such a thing is never suggested – the previous scenes of worry and emotionalism certainly wouldn't have had quite the same filmic impact if the denouement was a thoughtful romantic retreat rather than a loud shrieking confrontation. If Gough didn't make the phone call himself then certainly his ostentation and bumbling insistence could have easily forced, or guided, someone else's hand. Someone, possibly, who was genuinely worried about the badly deteriorating and extortionate scene slowly twisting into a lifestyle history. And the constant shift of pimps. Or maybe the middle-class parents fucking needed to be educated.

Grace: "*I love you a lot.*"

Mother: "*I don't care ... I don't care how you do it, you have to regain my dignity.*"

Grace: “Yes, for sure, I will regain your dignity for you. I promise you mom. Mom, for sure I will regain dignity for you.”

And just before Grace bursts into tears:

Grace: “Mom … For sure I will, mom. I promise you. Will you believe me?”

Mother: “I believe you. How else would I have lived to this day.”

And then the mother breaks down.

Prior to the weeping and dreadful oriental humiliation, the director had filmed scenes of the mother and daughter walking the streets of Singapore enjoying their time back together. “Very nice,” Mrs. Quek proclaimed of their simple dinner alfresco. And, as she prepared breakfast for all her guests, talked about her hopes and dreams for her pretty young lucky daughter:

“I hope she is happy.”

And.

“She will always belong to God.”

She wants her typical daughter to find a “good partner.”

She explains that she doesn’t feel lonely because she gets to talk to her daughter every week and that she is proud of her.

“We know what she is doing there.”

Gough Lewis went looking to flesh out the damage that Annabel Chong’s 251 penetrations gangbang advertised but couldn’t deliver. The filmmaker sensed that there was greater ugliness in a pit that couldn’t be sold as pornography but as *Sex*. As a real life documentary without all the fluffers and adcopy and conventional answers for unconventional

acts. The laws that govern pornography sales and threaten idiots' quick dreams of financial freedom guaranteed that gangbang films sold on the back of surviving starlets were sure to disappoint all those who trust hype. But to Gough Lewis, LA Grace must have always seemed more than malleable.

Just before she decides to make the slashes in her bleeding arm even deeper:

"I cut myself up because I feel I need to feel that more life. I need to let the pain inside, out. Inside me, out. Because I feel I need to be alive."

"I want to feel the pain ...

[rambling]

"So numb.

"Life makes me so numb.

"You just got to feel something."

An hour into the film, long after the careful scrutiny of her gangbang porn feat and triple penetration impossibilities, the filmmaker accompanies Grace to London where the pair visit the dilapidated housing project where Grace was gang-raped. They begin filming at a tube stop and walk to a small concrete room off a concrete staircase. The room is panned to slowly capture the broken and empty beer bottles and refuse on the dirty floor all these years later. A sign warns about the garbage. Grace stands at the doorway to the crime scene until she is prodded:

Gough Lewis: *"So it was like six guys who raped you at once."*

Annabel Chong: *"Uh uh, I ... um ... went to visit my friend uh ... got off at the wrong station and um ... started talking to this guy in the tube. It's this black guy and he hit on me. So we decided to have sex. Right. And he took me to this block council of flats. I was curious. I was thrilled. It was exciting. Because of the danger. There was this little trash disposal place. And went in there and did it. And the guy goes 'Wait a minute.' You know, 'I'll be back.'*

"Came back with his friend. Um ... I did his friend. And like soon ... a

whole crowd gathered out there, right. I realized ... that ... we were there to fuck this girl and take her money, right? I just froze in a way. I was just doing it mechanically, you know, just thinking, you know, they might kill me but they just kept coming in. Right. One by one."

The limited appeal of watching Linsey Dawn Mckenzie age isn't due to her fake marketable shamelessness or in the painful sag of her huge overnatural breasts. Neither would be available to the public through the usual channels anyway. The language of boutique pornography is too carefully constructed and itemized. Advertising. Slightly cautious. Comes wrapped in the slavish rhetoric of iconography.

The fantasy that is politely agreed upon around those women fortunate to sprout such massive glands, reasonable faces, and passable waistlines to be able to offer cheap enough glances, is that they start their career by being cheesecake and slowly admit to more and more daring acts of personal arousal. From being appreciated by the horny minions for their natural attributes to being lauded for their newly discovered ability to begrudgingly admit the reality of their situations.

You should see the fifty-year-old crags that trot out their wrinkled and pulled ex-playmate bodies for credit card subscriptions sent directly to their bungalows and PO boxes.

Linsey Dawn Mckenzie first showed her huge tits in the pages of a lower level british tabloid that infrequently but famously advertised a nude photo spread before a model's sixteenth birthday and then counted down to the date required by british law as legal for teen nudity. They specialize in big tits.

Linsey soon launched a reputation and a website that sold itself on being more daring than typical page three tit queens in that she licked herself and spread her legs farther apart.

She became popular with the readers of *Score* magazine and the Score group of spin-off mags and websites. "#1 in Big Boobs" is one masthead. In September 2001, Linsey was featured as one of the twenty greatest "naturals" and a gory, only slightly retouched close-up of her flopping but youthfully semi-firm breasts spread themselves across the center-

fold. Her age was listed as 22 and her bra size as 36HH. Her measurements in a 5'4", 122 lb. frame are supposed to be 46-26-36.

Dawn Stone didn't make the naturals cut because, although she had shot exclusively for the Score group for almost six years by then, her very large breasts were surgically enhanced. Her height is listed as only 4'11" with measurements of 42-27-36 and her bra size is 38E. Dawn's weight fluctuates more than most models in the pages and videos of the Score conglomerate and she is often seen with a drooped spare tire of fat around her waist as well as cellulite rippling through her ass when she forgets herself and clenches inappropriately. Linsey's breasts look all the more huge and freakish due to her youthfully shaped flat stomach and only slightly chunky butt.

The editorial position of the Score group, as well as the girl's company-supported individual websites, encourages the idea of "fans." The men who subsidize the women's beauty queen stature deserve respect and then favors are performed by the lavished stars in a kindly willingness to be photographed in different outfits and strip shows. Hardcore scenes of them sucking cock and getting tit fucked and cunt licked are debutante balls that signal a brave career move as they shift to the more dedicated fan's fantasies.

The January 2002 issue of *Score* celebrated Linsey's hardcore debut with a cover story, interview and exclusive tease shots from her video:

LINSEY: When I first started my career, I decided that I was going to take things nice and easy. I was trying to space out my career as much as possible. In the beginning, I was modeling in bikinis, then I moved on to topless only, then I moved on to nude. We're talking about a year or so gap between all of these stages. So I went from topless to nude to magazine photographs to girl-girl to boy-girl. I wound up the readers and my fans, teased them a lot, and now I've popped my cherry.

SCORE: So you've been teasing us for six years? That might be the longest cock-tease ever!

LINSEY: That's right.

SCORE: So you pretty much knew all along that this day would come.

LINSEY: Yeah, but I didn't expect it to come so soon. But, hopefully, it'll do my career good and not bad. Bad in the way of killing it off. Good in the way of bringing me more fans and keeping it going strong. The longer the fans are loyal to me, the longer my career is going to last.

SCORE: I don't think your fans are ever going to get tired of looking at you. We have had readers writing in begging for you to do hardcore.

LINSEY: Really?

SCORE: All the time. So why are you afraid that doing hardcore might kill off your career?

LINSEY: Because in this industry, it seems like every girl that does hardcore has been done in by it.

Dawn Stone had done limited hardcore before she decided to manage her own career. Knowing that seems pathetic. Caring about the possibilities of her doing sex scenes that aren't controlled by advertising copy and careful manipulation seems as slithery as looking to find out what the fat cow's name is in the first place.

The fat around her shaved vagina folds in to leave no outward hint of labia. Her cunt looks like the chubby slit of a child. In paused close-up especially.

On video, Dawn massages her obscene breasts over the splayed vagina of another blonde surgery lump, rather like herself. Frequently shot from behind Dawn's fat ass, the difference in red meat aesthetics is nauseating.

What was it like to grow into that body?

As if there was an innocence to grow into. As if there was a choice.

I came to this cow crawl from looking at little girls and learning the varying ages of puberty. Slender Elizabeth Smart was fourteen, busty curvaceous Chrissy Long thirteen, and Linsey Dawn Mckenzie had huge flabby tits on her english pub frame well before her sixteenth birthday. The reflective, nervous, stupid girl who's starting and failing to deal with the all new considerations and then the greasy old men that look harder and harder. Now that the mere suggestion has been shoved in their licking and settling and scrambling faces. How sexy is the child

when imaged backwards from the adult.

From the interview segment of the Score video, *The Ultimate Dawn Stone*:

SCORE: "Do you like it? Do you like being proud of your figure? And people knowing you and, you know, being a model that is recognized – is that sort of a kick for you?"

DAWN: "Yeah."

SCORE: "To have people come up to you?"

DAWN: "Yeah. I did um ... I don't know. I mean I guess it has good and bad points but I've been doing it a long time so I guess it can't be so bad but ... I mean, sometimes it gets to be a bit much. But ... you know."

SCORE: "Do you ... Do you find um ... when you're going out or, let's say, going to the doctor or anything like that, do you have other women look at you and ... with jealousy or anything like that or ... ?"

DAWN: "Yeah. Women are the worst. Men are usually really good. Men are always really nice but women are mean – a lot of women are mean."

Big tit Linsey Dawn Mckenzie is seen in shots that started off her career. Before she had to cover over the name of an ex-boyfriend she had tattooed on her bicep. The different tattoos are a way to judge her age. As are the female variations in weight and stretch marks. Recently, her face has aged significantly.

Her opportunism shifted when she posed for solo shots directly sold through her own website. Shifted again when she presented a long photo series of herself stripping out of a bathrobe and then lying back on a bed. Imperfectly nude, she keeps one flesh colored dildo stuffed into her mouth. A bigger pink cock-mold dildo is stuck half way into her spread fit cunt. And a smaller vibrating gold tool is pushed into her ass.

Find the personal photos on the web. Taken during a private shoot performed during a cruise with a customer that paid for a session in his cabin. Her model professionalism is clear, whereas the photographer's is not.

The Paynes looked up from their table straight into the familiar face of Victoria Beckham.

“She was there shopping with her mum and some friends,” said Sara. “She knelt down between Mike and me and said, ‘David and I support what you’re doing 100 per cent. We totally agree with you and if there’s anything we can do, please just let us know.’ Then she said she was going to send some nice things through the post for the kids.

“She didn’t have to do any of that. She’s a busy woman but she was lovely and we were all touched.”

(THAT’S POSH! VICTORIA BACKS SARAH’S LAW AS PAYNES HAVE DAY OUT AT HARRODS, Robert Kellaway, *News of the World*, December 23, 2001)

A full page of color photos accompanied the article on the Payne’s complimentary shopping feast courtesy of Mohamed al Fayed and their friends at the *News of the World*. Honestly, seven-year-old Charlotte Payne looks to be wearing the same exact shade of lipstick as her mother. She’s all hair and eyes and sheer black sleeves as she cuddles a big friendly teddy bear and then sits on mum’s lap next to paid santa. Blonde hair getting darker and straighter and a smile that spreads across her face rather like her mother’s harsh big grin. The Payne women. Not to sound vulgar. Do seem to have wide mouths. In the most famous picture of our little Sarah, her mouth is tightly closed but the edges rise high into her cheeks. She does look innocent. Especially now. She would have been quite the imp.

Charlotte asked santa for a doll and picked a “Shania Twain cowgirl’s costume.” While her 13 and 14-year-old brothers, both thin with close-cropped haircuts, took video games and discmans and jogging pants and hooded shirts. Like little toughies. Old enough to fit the backwoods poorhouse rentboy profile that slow Jason Swift snuggled so uncomfortably within. Luke, only slightly younger than Lee, displays much the same size mouth that the lucky girls do.

“Christmas is such a difficult time,” said Sara. “But I’d like to thank the

people who made today happen, everyone at Harrods and the readers of the News of the World. It gave us the boost we needed to put the trial behind us and start rebuilding our lives.

“But the day is tinged with sadness. Sarah would have loved today so much.”

“I can honestly say that nothing else seems this important or perpetual. I don’t want to spend my time doing other things that aren’t directly related to these few constant thoughts. That’s why a rolling magazine makes perfect sense. It’s hard to understand, I’m sure. Though it really is all I know. I was at Borders today, spending a good portion of my morning looking through each and every teen girl’s magazine I could find that looked like it featured music. I don’t like the fashion or dating-tip issues. There’s far more of those than anything else. I despise the little shits whose disgusting mothers would buy these for them. Hair style tips for what fucking reason? Television stars and personality profiles and these movie stars with big fake tits and thick revolting make-up jobs. What are these little plugs looking for in these idiots? Ugly women and fey looking men. All the magazines feature roughly the same exact core of fools. And especially popular these days are these hideous black women singers. Celebrities. All dressed up by the same designers and admen. I just don’t care enough about the little girls who would get excited by such tackiness. Silly. Who the fuck cares who these young adults are dating. How they tweak little nipples to make them stand out. And the eleven-year-old that mimics them. Pinching her nipples in front of the mirror after her bubble bath and checking out her white ass moving every which way. I’m not at all that way inclined. How do you fill their minds with this ridiculous nonsense and then put up with the giggling that comes after. I’m looking through the magazines for pictures of a young girl named Anna. From Play. She’s the only one that I like looking at and I try and tolerate the context as long as it gives me insight into the shots I see and slobber over. Of her only. She’s the youngest in the group and looked best when she was only eleven. In her videos she wears low-cut jeans on a virtually nonexistent ass and wears

tight t-shirts that show more flat very skinny navel than all the other girls. I think it's sickening to have to guess what it is that these animals are dancing for. I'm too old. Way too old. They hate me for reasons they don't even understand yet. And still it makes sense. Greasy and wanting and ready to offer them nothing worth looking at, nothing worth living through, nothing worth experiencing, nothing that won't make them hate the act and me even more than they immediately knew they should. Leave them to it and good luck. I hope all the little girls who find some worth in these brightly colored cheap magazines are happy. I'm not bothered by any of the little ideas. And I've yet to open one up and be surprised to find any single girl that looks more interesting than the one I went looking for. I'm never impressed. I don't remember the hairstyles and I don't read the blurbs next to the photos of even the smallest asses in the tightest lowest-cut jeans."

"I would draw on the photos of her that I pulled from the internet. I'd pretend that I was caressing her hair and outline her body curves very carefully and delicately. I'd get sexually excited and tease myself when it came to following the contours of her pert breasts and waist and her butt line. The photographers who were lucky enough to suggest these poses and watch the piggy mimic and snap to it had to be feeling the same way as me. And it's that impulse that I think leads to jail. And why I don't do it. Because you can't think about this too closely without finally giving in and masturbating. And if I was masturbating at work in the bathroom and knew that she was just out there and that I might be able to convince her to wear an open shirt that I might be able to capture a quick snap of her nipple or ass crack or find out from some other degenerate who works with her about if she has any pubic hair at all yet, I'm sure it would lead to trouble. It's revoltingly small and petty and, just the same, mind-numbingly frightening. I'm sure it's why men fuck women. Just to be near the little fucks. Men are happy to ask the questions that these prim lying old cunts would answer for them. I stopped worrying about diseases a long time ago. I'll have to do the same with this embarrassing phobia about jail. I just stick whatever is offered

into my mouth and drop whatever I can into whatever asshole or gump is willing to take it. I'm not some hassidim skank that doesn't want to touch someone's cock or asshole because of the germs that you might take away. A throat infection from letting some child molester cum in my throat. A flu from a virus that hid under the foreskin of trailer trade. The fat faggot leatherbeast that I tongued outside the men's room at Touché. These things aren't hard to expel."

"I'd draw fat naked men on the sides of the photos; quite often directly over the other girls. I like lip gloss on Anna and she tends to wear quite a lot of it. I'm absolutely sick of the differences between intention and interpretation. I want to create an art that is ideally shored. One that can't be misunderstood any longer. Not by the powers that want to see me jailed or by the fucking mice that pretend I'm doing something socially significant. I refuse to waste my time thinking about what not to say. And I refuse to keep on considering the retarded arguments of painters, photographers, and adolescent fetishists."

A psychologist from South Wales fears that pictures of pupils on school websites could be used by paedophiles. Martin Shrewsbury shares the views of a worried mother who is campaigning against schools putting photographs of children on their websites, for fear they could be digitally manipulated.

Carol Allen said she was alerted to the potential for misuse through her work for an internet security firm. Her main concern is that paedophiles could easily copy the faces from school photos onto pornographic images.

Behavioral expert Martin Shrewsbury, who has studied paedophile psychology, believes Mrs Allen is right to be concerned.

"It's a standard pathology for people with personality problems," he said. "A lot of the paedophiles I treat regularly use school websites to feed their sexual fantasies about children."

(SCHOOL WEBSITE PAEDOPHILE FEARS, BBC News, January 21, 2001)

The mother went on to explain that there were only three sorts of visitors to a school's website. The children, the parents, and paedophiles. A school in Hampshire, on the strength of her message, decided to take the pictures down.

In November of 2002, more warnings were heeded and more perfectly ignorant children saved. However the BBC now included other parents and politicians' opinions that the changes and worries were "ridiculous," "potty," and "a bit over-protectionist."

A school in Bedfordshire has banned video cameras from its nativity play, because it's worried that the images may get into the hands of paedophiles. Head teacher at Sundon Lower School, Sue Stokes, has told parents in a letter that she is worried that photographs might get into the wrong hands.

(NATIVITY VIDEO BAN, BBC News, November 28, 2002)

And:

Parents in Edinburgh may be stopped from taking photos or videos of their children's nativity plays or concerts – to combat the activities of paedophiles.

The city council said parents wanting to record these events would have to get the permission of every child's family. Education officials introduced the guidelines after claiming paedophiles across the UK had been caught in possession of photos and videos of school plays.

(PAEDOPHILE FILM FEARS "PROTECTIONIST", BBC News, December 2002)

"These guys are not obsessed. They're on auto-pilot. It is the only thing going on. Everything else detracts from nothing all that special, really. All you have to do is pay a small amount of attention to what they call "coming of age" films. They'll watch every one of them. Know every bit about them. And the plot developments are important to them. It starts with the child-actor but they follow the little showering boy

through every possible twist and turn. They want to be convinced by the thing. They want it to be worthwhile. Choirboy stories and tales of familial hardship and political strife. Dirty street kids and kids cast out and, very popular, the little faggots who either discover they're gay or come to a greater understanding of homosexuality. Trade. These shirtless boys are darling. And they cry beautifully. They are pretty then. And I do like seeing them fumble around girls and perform and try as hard as they can. Some are lengthy teenagers. But the younger the better in these cases. You can look to Jean-Daniel Cadinot for something to bring you a bit closer to the porn ideal. But the faggots he gets are usually fucking ethnics. Too many niggers if not arabs. The skinny french and the californian skateboard equivalent don't interest me much. I like Anna from Play the best. I have a picture of her from the internet that's particularly excellent. Just a profile but taken close up. She's talking on a cellphone. With all her blonde overly soft and bloused hair falling all over the phone, hand, beautiful lips. Little nose. Pretty fingers holding the thing up to her face and mane. I can't tell you exactly why that makes more sense to me than some of the full-bodied, little clothed featurettes I covet. She does resemble someone I love very much. She's loaded with make-up. And she's basically taking a break from an autograph signing for some stupid new-teens in some mall CD store in the middle of America, I think. They do autograph signings in teen boutiques and lip-sync performances in malls. She's got a small ring around one finger. I couldn't give a fuck about seeing her in person. Really don't care about what she's like as a thing or a marketplace or as an answer or anything other than these constant shots. I don't want to miss a single shot, however. I want to see them all and line them up and keep the things and I tend to spend quite a deal of time on her, specifically. I'm not confused about it. Quite the opposite. I see the mall shows with all those screaming fucking idiots in the audience wiggling their unnaked asses and jiggling their flat chests and tiny coming bellies like I would in perfect collections of old child pornography magazines. Where the emphasis wasn't on one little girl being shoved all over every corner of the bed and photographed by two separate people but, rather, like the ones that

collected different stills and present wide overviews. Just little glimpses where you definitely thought about the contact sheet and all the proofs and had to imagine that the work was done by the same exact artist that did the other ones that you liked so much. Judging by style and, probably more appropriate, the singular body type. Different girls that all looked the same. The fat girl from a country scene that you know had to be either sold or suggested by her father rather than a european city mother; ex- or current prostitute. The fatty one was carted off to do this. Fred West-style. Where it made sense to have a big meal and mimic the stupidity of the animals all over the place. So no money was exchanged until someone in the clan got the bright idea to use a camera. Like Bodil. Ugly and slow, already, and willing to be pointed towards anything at all. Seriously filthy people and, largely, unaffected little girls that stayed in the country."

From the September 2003 issue of *Voluptuous*:

V-Mag: Too bad. But you had the biggest boobs of all the girls, right?

Brandy: Yeah, definitely. (giggling) I still do, always.

V-Mag: How old were you when your boobs started to develop?

Brandy: I'd say 11. I was a B until I was 12 or 13, then I was a C for a while.

"I'm not sure I have the same girl. But there was a young chubby teen that used to be featured on a mexican hotrod website that had the type of body those muds love. She used to wear tiny string bikinis with her ass and fat tits flopping out on all sides. The site had a few naked women but this one seemed too young at that point. Turns out she was the photographer's daughter. I'm fairly sure it grew up into a nude model named Brandi Taylor. Same young face and bad mexican neighborhood hairstyles. She doesn't do porn, I think, because in the nude shots that have come out since she turned of age, she has to keep her stomach covered. All the poses include either a shirt pushed down around her waist or a dress yanked up. In *D-Cup*, I'm fairly sure there's

still a fair amount of airbrushing done on her. She sticks a pink dildo in her cunt and fingers herself in quite a percentage. In *Voluptuous*, you see a bit more. And on the web, I found some raw footage that shows it's not just the overweight tummy she's worried about. There are distinct stretch marks and sag wrinkles. Very odd in someone so young. I can't help but wonder if she was an underage mother. It doesn't change anything, really. It's not a huge shift or surprise. Even if it were her father's. So many of these cheap gloryhole joints are rife with old fathering mexicans. I don't know if she's mexican. Just the market for her and what I imagine she grew up through. I don't find these cows attractive in the slightest. The ones that tug on their nipples and stretch them as far as they can reach or lift up all that fat so they can lick the tip of the lump or even stick the entire heft up into their faces. You can certainly see why she's made an impression. And I've seen it played out. I'm sure I have it all wrong. As if it mattered. As if the fucking interviews were real. The filth that photographed her and put her up on his car parts site probably was only referring to her as his daughter because he was suggesting a propriety or fatherly attitude to her. These flaneurs do that sort of thing. It's so much of the way they confess. And because they couldn't stand it if someone else got in there and got to feel them and stuff them in their own retarded mouths. I'm sure I shouldn't be bothering with these cartoons. Last week I was at Adult Books on Clark and I was in a booth with a young, small mexican man. He had a dark thick cock and a small amount of foreskin. Fuck's sake, I'm not trying to figure out if he's gay or not or how he discovered these pits. I don't even care if he's carrying around chlamydia. They're just not that interesting to me. This is where this type ends up. I understand that perfectly. And they're not at all the type that I go looking for. I know what I'm doing and how hard to look. It doesn't make a whole lot of difference. Why do these idiots think I don't know anyone that's ever been molested by their father or ever been raped by some anonymous hateful male. I know these women. And the ugly men who think they've suffered too. And, in fact, the men who do it and stay back enough to get away with the most disgusting crimes. I know these child molesters and the daughters and sons they

fuck and I know the ones that pay for younger children all the time. I talk to these pud-pullers and suck on them exactly the same way they did on me when I was much younger. It depends on where I am and what I was doing moments before I walked into the joint."

Dad Mike, 33, said: "To Charlotte, Sarah is still alive. She will pick up a toy or game and say, 'Oh that's Sarah's. I'm playing with that, Sarah' as though she's in the other room.

"But she is starting to understand that Sarah's not coming back. It might really begin to sink in over Christmas."

In the photo of the mum and dad taken at the time of the verdict. Sara's face is squashed into a ostriched slobber. Chubby dad, who didn't shave that day, closes his eyes to hug his wife and try to escape.

"I hate Roy Whiting for that. I hate him for the way he buried her. In a shallow grave for her hair to fall out and animals to eat her. It sickens me that he left her there for 17 days when even an anonymous phone call to the police would have saved us so much.

"But I don't suppose he spared us one second thought. He spent six minutes burying my child. Six whole minutes ... well thank you very much. Maybe if he'd spent ten minutes she'd still have her fingers and toes."

(I HATE WHITING FOR KILLING SARAH ... BUT WHAT HAUNTS ME MOST IS THAT HE LEFT HER BODY FOR THE ANIMALS – A MOTHER'S STORY, Robert Kellaway & Anna Gekoski, *News of the World*, December 16, 2001)

Sarah's last school photo was presented next to a full-page color portrait of mum and dad Payne holding a framed reproduction of the photo that graced the covers of newspapers nearly every week for two long years by then. Sara's lipstick is heavy and pink. Stingy newspaper color separation and poor reproduction quality probably the main culprits for her looking drawn and pasty and plastered.

The reporters for Sara's piece, Anna Gekowski forefront, had the gall

to ask her if she had anything to say to the newly convicted Whiting. Sara let them record:

You are a sad little man who needs to be in prison. You are not famous. You are not important. The only reason anyone knows you is because Michael and I and the family put ourselves and Sarah in the limelight to catch her killer. Who that killer is doesn't matter. He is nothing.

Any nothing could look at Whiting and agree with sad Sara. He might think, however, that like himself, Whiting never wanted to be famous. Unlike Sara who can't even see beyond the association. Sara and Michael, perhaps, sadly, must've have discussed the paedophile's motives for raping – maybe – and killing – definitely – their child and seen fame as an important component. If Sara was genuinely moved to understand the violation of her little daughter, she might see that some greater sense could be had from seeing Whiting as less of a monster and more of a man. One of her friends could tell her that keeping the lock of Sarah's golden hair, found tragically separated from her compacted decomposing corpse, is not the healthiest trigger to keepsake. And perhaps it says less about her daughter's beautifully framed presence and more about her screaming mortality.

There is nothing to be learned. Anywhere around this. Regardless of the desire.

Nothing had hoped that someday the parents would tire of being posed and prodded for quotes. Nothing knows that little Sarah can't pull herself together and shriek: Stop It. Leave Me Alone.

But the parents want nothing to believe that gestures are made in her memory and by her guiding light. Nothing smells that they're better people than their grief seems to have twisted them into. They absolutely don't enjoy the spotlit position they've been brutally dropped in. Nothing is not so cynical to believe something as ugly as what the Paynes suggest about others. Nothing must sense that they need to think a little more. Maybe when they're left alone for awhile. When they've had some time to hammer out the harsh context. When they ultimately

allow themselves to forget. For a second. About the dried hair clumped together by a cheap ribbon and placed in a beautiful little box on a bedroom dresser. Or. A frontroom mantle.

Anna Gekowski and someone else had their interview with the couple split into separate parts. Mike's story emphasized the boy behind the brute:

Mike adds: "We looked at all these people and it hurt because they'd all achieved something. It felt as if we were being given an award because our daughter was murdered. I didn't want an award, I just wanted her back. We couldn't see that we'd done anything very brave. We were just in pain.

"And I snapped. I didn't mean to do any of the things I did but I was absolutely amazed when the window smashed. Then I stumbled out and walked halfway across London before catching a cab."

(I BOUGHT A SHOTGUN TO BLOW WHITING'S HEAD OFF – A FATHER'S STORY, Anna Gekoski & Robert Kellaway, *News of the World*, December 16, 2001)

Mike tried to explain his drunken lack of behavior at a Bravery awards ceremony. Apparently he hurled insults and kicked in a plate glass window at the London Hilton. His wife had to chase after him in her "awards dress and high heels." The father pictured in the article is bloated and puffy. His eyes swollen and glassy and morose. Years from then. At the time of his suicide bid, it will be common knowledge that Mike hit Sara. And that this incident in London was one of the very last straws. But before that Mike discussed his drinking problem through recognizable common anecdotes. Such as how he finally allowed himself a night out with the lads only to be arrested when the car they were driving in ended up wrapped around a lamp post:

"A few minutes later the police came by and we were arrested because the car wasn't registered to any of us. The police held us all for hours on end. They refused to let me go, though it was obvious who I was and where I lived, until they spoke to Sara. It was just one more problem to deal with

for both of us."

Dad Mike takes anti-depressants. Confesses to another drinking and crying jag in a lonely caravan that lasted two days over the anniversary of Sarah's death. He walked out on his wife and kids. Explains it as "horrible physical pain." Smashed the family car with a metal bar when he couldn't stand thinking of little Sarah not being able to sit in her favorite seat just behind his driver's seat.

What kind of effect is his depression having on the children when compounded with their new confusing celebrity pain. Which other children is he not there for now. Is there resentment for shaming the dead daughter's memory in the eyes of the living that offered help. Would he be a manipulative drunk. A desperate angry drunk. Does he sink.

What kind of movie could be made by a previously incestuous father. Intoning over the graphic and important child abuse that he misses his daughter too much. Fucks one of her friends. What could be one of her friends. You must have seen child pornography where the perpetrator seems less than gleeful. It's compulsion, slurs nothing. It's the devil inside us, nothing mocks, as he comes up for air above her spread wide white surprisingly long legs. Nothing sobs and regrets everything after he cums. Cries a little after he masturbates to completion and wonders out loud if you're stupid enough to believe it.

It is confusing to sometimes note how unimpressed and businesslike these humping and grunting fiends are. Look at some of the scumbags sucking on the soft cocks of drugged-out boys. Paxil-clogged paedophiles. He fills his face with limp penis and pauses to catch his breath. The same age as the inebriated father of Sarah. Lick up the shaft, starting from the sac. To show the camera. But to little effect or manifest enjoyment. They tool themselves. They don't look to insist on the gyrations or responses of their feeders. They just suck and slide and fugue. He doesn't stop for fucking ages. Foci. Filmed. They remain unembarrassed about the wide and uncontrolled dissemination.

It's an uncircumcised cock. Hard and thick and english. That the pig

pulls the little girl's open mouth onto. While saying: You would have liked my daughter. She was a little bit prettier than you. Not quite so cheap. Not really like you. She was a little angel, she was. He doesn't even seem to want to stop the hatred from spilling up over his exposed nudity and wobbly sexual descent. The girl pays him no mind. The pasty fuck speaks German and she barely speaks Russian.

Sara told me last year that Luke tortures himself with the ludicrous idea that he could have saved his sister. Little Charlotte was waking up screaming in the night and had started to take on Sarah's personality.

Lee, Luke and Charlotte have almost become the unseen victims in this senseless tragedy. What those children need right now is a semblance of normality in their lives.

(TIME FOR BRAVE SARA TO DROP HER CRUSADE, Clare Morris-roe, *Sunday People*, December 16, 2001)

See it better this way. A mother turns her head away from watching the porn tape her daughter made. She didn't want to see the face that might resemble all the rest of her other daughter. Only younger. Either. Didn't need to remember her chubby face that way. Pulled. She thought about the chance to see her daughter one last time. She also thought about wanting to know what permanent hell the girl went through. Thought, in a brave fit, that she owed it to her dead daughter to know just exactly how bad it could have been for her. Truth is exactly like that.

Finally decided to see her as better than all of her peeing and pointing and demeaning situations. To remember her as a happy but troubled and eventually unique tragic child. To place her in a box that the mother, above all, could stand keeping.

Jamie Gillis, after shitting and pissing and punching on a woman who allows him to do it, finds a cockroach on the floor of her apartment. She screams as he teases her with the silly bug. Picks it up and drops it on her tits and then again, on her stomach.

An untitled video I have of a nearly-white heroin addict inside a NY

flophouse hotel has the suffering thing performing a bored blowjob for just anyone with a camera and a friend. The reason the tape exists beyond the john's private collection is due to an agreement between the cameraman and the performers. And because a cockroach is captured crawling across the bed and on to the stalled whore's naked bone-white loosened thigh until it disappears around her back. Unable to see the bug anymore, the tape and the interest of the cameraman stops.

It wasn't a surprise that she filmed her forgotten porn film in a hotel that was riddled with fleas and roaches and men with a camcorder and an idiot buddy and a little more money than she was used to. It would have been enough to allow the mother to picture absolutely everything that happened. She really didn't need to see any more of it. How miserable it would be to be on the side of the one accepting the favor. The woman that allows herself to fuck you because you think you love her. And say as much. How sad of you to still believe it. After you enjoyed the favor. This is now drunk officework fodder.

After a 30-mile high speed drive he parked in an isolated spot near some woods. He forced her to strip and pulled her on to the front passenger seat. He touched her, kissed her and forced her to touch him. Two hours later he returned her to a spot close to her home.

(I WAS SO LUCKY TO ESCAPE FROM THE CLUTCHES OF SARAH'S KILLER, Rupert Hamer, *Sunday Mirror*, December 16, 2001)

That is what defines the lasting memory of little Sarah Payne. Roy Whiting's previous victim wasn't murdered. He knew his next would have to be. Either to keep her from talking about his groping needs and problems. Or, considering the public reactions and probable official repercussions to these inversions, his understanding that he might as well go all the way.

That his first young victim had had to touch him shoves the specific non-act through Sarah's parents' reality and into every closet paedophile's worried store of recognition. Crusaders and lawmakers will complain that most offenders don't get caught the first time.

There are mothers and fathers signing release contracts to grant their permission so that their daughters can be photographed and the results placed on websites. The sites are politely but pejoratively termed “child erotica” when the model featured is less than the legal limit for nudity. Eighteen in the States. Sixteen in Britain. Legally versed and defined, the children are not pictured in anything more revealing than a bikini or short shorts and tube tops. Sometimes wet. James Steven Grady was arrested when some of the shots he was taking and posting and charging for were pronounced child pornography. When the more obvious hard nipples started to peek through wet t-shirts and flimsy pastels. Grady’s studio was raided while a live webcam chat was taking place. The model was eighteen, clad in a tacky skimpy bikini, and can be seen in stills and streaming video logging off just before the camera catches the police running through the offices behind her.

James and Donna Cummings, the Arkansas parents of a twelve-year-old who was featured in her own preteen non-nude website, were sentenced to twenty and ten years respectively for various child pornography offenses. Chiefly related to a videotape found at the home of the couple after they were investigated following a tip about the website and its “questionable photos”:

Prosecutors said the tape included some scenes with the victim alone, some with the girl and Donna Cummings, and some with Donna Cummings alone. The females appeared to be following directions from a man running the camera, who prosecutors identified as James Cummings.

(‘CHILD MODELING’ SITE OWNERS CONVICTED OF CHILD PORN, Web Sites Against Child Porn, July 26, 2002)

Anti-child pornography laws insist that mere possession of the material is a crime with an identifiable victim. Any sex act with a child or teen less than the carefully considered and proscribed age limit is rape. And the new laws need to stop the market that may conspire or support a cause for that rape to occur. The photographic proof of the rape can have a life all its own. Outside of the collection of those who took it and

lived it. To those who sought it and coveted it. The photos and films of sexual child abuse needed to be seen as continuing pain and trauma for the rats for their entire bent lives. As they continued to live threatened nightmare halved existences. The records have perpetuating powers beyond the immediate criminals and victims.

Such thinking has been eroded by newer laws and publicity hunts that have sought to prosecute those who would write only graphic text, create paintings and drawings or even computer morph photos of children's faces onto compromised adult bodies. One of the paedophiles showcased in the excellent BBC series *The Hunt For Britain's Paedophiles* was brilliantly desperate. He made paper tracings of the child pornography photos he had wanted to keep but understood that he shouldn't. An officer whose job it was to catalog the collection and look for identifiable infractions, displayed the material to the film team and bemoaned the legality of such second-best genius. Photos were nowhere to be found. Flimsy tracing paper with bad penciling scratched and shaded all over it. Was still good enough for the pervert. Especially when combined with the original vivid memory. All you need is the quickest trigger. Because it's never such a big deal afterwards.

There are laws that look to criminalize thoughts and intentions before any act is committed or attempted. Laws that protect children in paintings and drawings and computer images that don't actually exist. Because taste and motive are clearly articulated through such obscure acts as controlled fits of compulsion.

A January 8, 2003 episode of news program *48 Hours* titled "Kids for Sale" featured a segment on internet teen models and their male photographers. Producers cloaked the feature in the constant assumption that someday one of these true teen tits and ass models is going to be hurt by one of their fan members. Leslie Stahl introduced the show by explaining a moral imperative:

"What may be most disturbing of all is how eager the kids are. And how some parents may seem oblivious to the risks."

No other risks were shown. Outside of the apparent evil that perverts may be looking at the websites where girls as young as seven are modeling bikinis and tight tops and skimpy panties. That men, most of them probably forty years old, were masturbating to the shots of girls modeling provocatively.

15-year-old Ashley Rose was a featured interviewee along with her mother. A 16-year-old Renee and her mother were included. And 11-year-old Cindy and her mother. All mothers were asked the same question about their daughters' audience and all mothers presented similar answers. Men were going to look at their children in grocery stores or on the street while they grew up anyways. And that, except for some thong and see-thru shirt shots that Ashley had posed in, there was no nudity. Renee admitted that men were subscribing to her site to see "goodies" but said she wouldn't pose nude. As if it was a slut option rather than a legal argument.

Many of the more popular under-eighteens, like Renee and Ashley and the very special, not TV-ready, Christina, are known for having larger breasts than most girls their age. Too often their bodies tell different stories about tastes and markets than their small faces do. Or their clearly posted ages. Ephebephiles are driven as much by idyllic nostalgia as they are for virginal firmness and sluttish innocence. The flat panty-clad pre-teens are another drive entirely.

News anchor Erin Moriarity interviewed Curt, the photographer and web designer for 11-year-old Cindy, as he sat in front of a computer looking over the subscription shots of Cindy:

Curt: "*This came from a custom shot, the guy sent this for us to shoot. Now that's a hundred fifty dollars.*"

Erin: "*So this is an outfit that one of the members sent?*"

Curt: "*Right. And ...*"

Erin: "*And paid one hundred and fifty dollars ...*"

Curt: "*Right.*"

Erin: "... *to have her model it?*"

Curt: "*Right.*"

Erin: "Just to see her in this outfit?"

Curt: "And know that he was the one that picked out this outfit, and he gets to see her in it."

Erin: "Um ... Curt ... Maybe it's my mind but there seems to be something ... ugh! It makes me uncomfortable!"

Curt: "We don't do anything in these schoolgirl outfits that we would consider inappropriate."

Erin: "What have they sent that you said 'inappropriate'?"

Curt: [pause] "Thongs."

News cameras captured Cindy having lipstick painted on with thin gentle brush strokes. Recorded her middle-aged photographer talking about her long legs. And excerpted footage from one of the videos for sale at cindymodel.com, of Cindy in a tight bathing bottom, ass out, dousing herself with water from a garden hose held aloft.

An earlier feature on the same subject. This time from a team of NBC affiliates in Chicago and Florida and broadcast locally, before the *Abrams Report* picked it up for cable news network MSNBC, paired an investigative professional with one of the most popular teen models: Molly from mollymodel.com. Her story held special interest as the tubby gentleman behind her site was arrested on charges of child pornography stemming from his over-involvement with a 12-year-old. Just before the interview was aired. Gary Smith, from Chicago, was shown taking pictures of Molly in a hotel room. And the topic of discussion was a wet t-shirt video and numerous stills of the fifteen-year-old in a skimpy bra and panties. That both Molly and her mother had allowed. Molly told as much as she could before she started to cry:

"Gary would come and he'd have the bra and panties there. And ... he'd say, 'Well, we got this order and the guy already sent the two hundred and fifty dollars so ... hey, here, put these on, let's do it.' And, I mean, at that point, I was just ... I felt, you know, I felt like I didn't have a choice. I mean, it was already a done deal."

Of age, Molly ran a website that still contained many of her younger shots alongside the brand new, perfectly legitimate ones. She wears a thong in some and often displays just the naked curve of her tits and her ass. The legality uncertain. There are some shots of her in a blue bra where the top of her pink aureole sticks out from the material. Some fansites dedicated to her and her choice history. One in particular, Mol-lymeal, features nothing but cropped close-ups of her crotch, ass, and teenage breasts. There are nude shots that look to be workable fakes.

Christina from Christinamodel.com has 34DD breasts and, until recently, the only age reference on her site profile was 11th grade. There are unofficial fan sites for her as well. One that juxtaposes her dangling jiggling poses and fatty dugs with older porn models known for big tits. And another that specializes in hardcore child pornography. Either site may be a sting operation. And Christina and Molly and so many of these other coming bimbo dolls set up a paradigm of pornography laws. As they pass their legal limit, it becomes impossible, and ludicrous, to try and justify the age to the interest. Not to mention the subtle differences in british to american models, who become legal two years earlier. You have to wait for them to get ugly. Christina's real age was long an obsession for half-perverts worrying about arrest. Recently, well over two-thirds of her videos and photo CDs were removed from the site and an "over eighteen when photographed" legal notice prominently displayed.

The most popular pose among these little flat-stomached girls is the belly shot. Where either short tight shirts are cut off at the navel or the t-shirts and blouses they wear are raised to show as much skin up to the bottom curve of their tits and down to the cut in their cunts as possible. Their flat hairless covered mounds are often showcased. To the upper tip of the mons. Most of their little butts. Coy stupid smiles.

There are perfectly legal member websites dedicated to just photos of girls' skinny perfect tight tummies. The overwhelming majority of photos contained on these sites is of girls under the age of eighteen.

Roy Whiting sits in jail fingering the new nonce scar across his face. Peter Sutcliffe was attacked the same way. And Sidney Cooke. Lennie

Smith and Robert Oliver had the same grassing cellmate who had to face down pressure from the prison population as to why he hadn't attacked the child molesting faggots yet. Pig-idiot cop, who the day before had been searching, accusing, and yapping away at paedophile Mark Hansen (nee Enfield) finds out that Mark has committed suicide. Fat red-faced cunt looks at the BBC *Hunt For Britain's Paedophiles* camera and thinks he's saying something revelatory:

"I've had several cases where people have died or committed suicide. Um ... and not one of them is really ... is ... could you say, 'Well, it's so sad,' but ... because they've all abused children. If people have been abusing children in that way then they have what's coming to them. Um ... ah ... adults have a choice, children sometimes don't. If they're young. And adults; the adults make the choice to abuse the children. And ... it's totally ... I mean, if they decide in the end that they can't face up to what they've done and commit suicide, then so be it. If that's the case, then the streets are safer for children. I mean, when we talk about Hansen, we're talking about a guy that I ... that we've got pictures of that ... is ... committing an act of buggery with a boy of about six or seven. Oh, that's horrendous. I can think of nothing worse in life than that. Um ... you know, it's just awful.

"So ... when he comes over in your interview as maybe part of, a bit of a sad and pathetic character, I'm talking about the interview on the day of the search, you must remember ... this is a guy that is capable of taking six and seven-year-old boys, maybe younger, maybe a little bit older, and inserting his penis into their anus. And that is the most horrendous crime I can ever think of. And so therefore, I have no feelings for him whatsoever. Safer for kids now that he's not here."

This is what supports the sickening petty lifestyle of nothing. Years and yards and slow lifetimes of pornography. Every flabby corporal movement the slug ever twisted up and flattened out into sold pictures and letters and evidence. Bad reproductions and high prices and less and less while they hated you for even thinking about how to buy it.

Perfect photographer Charles Freger's book on majorettes informs the

desire to know more about the poor Wells child. A monograph of photos exclusively of majorettes. The singular focus making it better and more pornographically sharp than Freger's previous book *Portraits photographiques et uniformes*. Which contained four short studies: *Water-Polo, Pattes blanches, Miss, Notre-Dame*.

From the first chapter of the first book:

Portraits of young water polo players in Haute-Normandie, just after training. The water polo series was done in a very systematic manner with a consistent framing, lighting, and background. The water polo cap is the uniform element that sets off the different faces of the young boys; the accessory becomes essential, like a metaphor for the identical confronted by singularities. Upon getting out of the pool, water drops sparkle, complexions are rosy, and acne surfaces – these are some of the many small differences that clarify these portraits of growth and the effects of physical exertion and time.

(*Portraits photographiques et uniformes*, Charles Freger: photographs, text by Philippe Arbaizar, 779/Société Française de Photographie, Paris, 2001)

The next two chapters are of young food industry students and beauty contestants. Not without obvious youthful appeal. Cocky collegiates struggle with acne as well. Mouth queens will find more lonely gratification in the swimming boy's naked boney hairless chests. Their growing muscular natured swimmer's bodies. So many of the sleazebags that I used to look for to buy child pornography from were faggots of this tribe. Aging queers that seriously appreciated the greek ideal and its poorly twisted mistakes. They were not naïve of the cruelty of their tastes. Being little more than genetic cocksuckers, they only pretend to worship while reveling in the nitpicking failures that force availability. Degraders. Demanders. Most little girl watchers are exactly the same. Right down to the faggot cocksucking. Fat and rejected and frightened, they can admit to wanting to fuck girls that look like little skinny boys. But won't admit to sucking dick or acknowledge the contorted,

backfiring, unrecognizable leads.

I sat to the side of a beautiful rentboy in San Francisco. Listening to him talk about the trolls he was well paid to have sex with. And the cocktail monsters he saw at his gym. About the especially hideous opera teacher that slobbered all over him and made him physically, mentally sick. The whore was loaded to his eyeballs on painkillers and anti-psychotic drugs. But still so full of himself to think that all the trolls got was his well-chipped muscles and tender performances.

Count those words. Sweetheart.

The last chapter is given to a lengthier hawk at uniform-clad students in an english catholic school. Where uniforms are compulsory from ages eleven to eighteen. There are perfect representations of the age and style that Danielle Jones' murderer prefers right in the middle. Schoolgirls' dresses at the age of fourteen to sixteen are very short. And the ties they wear are slightly loose and worried and their shirttails are tucked unevenly in and slightly out. The pigs that squirm behind the special selection of these outfits are the pigs that look for the little ones on the street. The bitches that completely ignore their hideous slump. It is not lustful revenge for the desultory looks and muffled but direct laughs that cute kids ease into right in front of these twitching perverts, anyways. The sleaze's desire takes root in the way girls don't handle themselves. Now. As opposed to when these beasts were in school. Ostracized or not. Possibly for only a very few different years. There is violence underneath all that constant fantasizing and petting and scrutinizing. Not towards the object that controls the access. But for an object that contains the act. And the act breaks down quickly and easily into physical pain. Tears. Paedos and perverts think too long about too little to miss such obvious truths. They don't want the uniforms opened. They don't want the bodies underneath the way other classmates can easily have. They want it to begin that way. Perhaps. And move into crawling. The act should end with greater hatred than simple cunt staining.

The majorettes in *Majorettes* (Editions Léo Scheer, Paris, 2002) are presented so that art fans can see what uniforms do to a personality that only a single photograph can display. The faces of the plain girls

all trumped up like plumaged daughters, with the convenient talent of absent rhythm, stare straight back at the photographer and very few even crack a smile. You can find smiles when you look a little longer than the cheap art guides suggest you'll want to. Compare the bellies and fat rolls. The make-up sloppiness. The acne versus freckles ratios. And if you must. Look for vanity subsumed by assembly line lessons and instructions. Mix and match ages with body types and expectations. Paedos snort for the twelve-year-olds. And under, whenever possible. Cindymodel stuck at eleven.

There is no way to escape the tacky truth that the cutest ones are the younger ones. The thinner and shorter ones. And it is impossible to think of the girls all lined up not naked. As is expected if one is truly going to search for the demeaning or flattering generalities in uniforms. Look for the real flesh underneath. You know instinctively that there is nothing like an adequate grasp of larger selves in a photo. So you're fucking left hard and fat with the images the same way a paedo would drag his balls across them. Underneath the short curtain dresses lay leotards that nurse those perfect pudgy bald triangles. For you. There are some shots of little ones and slightly older ones displaying their velvet and polyester clad pubic bones. And there's one little obstinate french rat wearing far too much blue eye shade. Right where it should get kissed and dragged. They are the leaders of the parades. So you don't see any soft firm or naturally aged butts. All portraits face forward. Developing breasts become an easy focus as does race and genetic responsibilities.

Which one is cuter than Holly Wells.

What would change if you knew that one of these rats in the collection had been murdered. Perhaps a blonde Holly Wells dedication at the front. Or a brief paragraph in the introduction. Is it possible that not one of these children wasn't being molested during the period it took to plan and execute and print the book. A perfect recording of how uniforms hide the tragedy that all press and mothers want you to believe can be smelled right through the photos. You have how many chances to see how many of them grow up safe and sound and old without even the

slightest hint of paedophile finger near their cheap only-now poses.

Loaded with possibilities. Chances and dreams greater than this puerile dalliance. They are also all possible victims. But. The fact remains. Some of them are confronting what it means to have a man's camera in front of them taking shots that aren't just for their family fawning sessions. The pictures are going to enter the uncontrollable art world. And they'll look back when they're older and say: Don't you think you can see it there? Don't you see how sad I was? Or: I didn't understand what people like you could do with innocent photos of me.

Maria Marshall takes photos and makes films of her children in provocative situations that are artfully manipulated to create a sense of unease that wasn't actually there. As such, art critics have adapted their praise to include dealings in reality-versus-dream imagery. See her children smoking cigarettes and tied up in straightjackets as art that plays games with viewer preconceptions. Reference and repeat the shock of surprise and revelation. Look to her to provide the razor's edge that splits child pornography from wild unhinged imagination.

And then be the pathetic hammerheaded paedophile who shouts from the back that it's only you and your queasy friends that know the real appeal behind the pictures of her little brat blowing smoke out of the mouth end of a hotboxed cigarette. Or. Instead. Let the mother talk. Let her tell you how special the situation is that you've absented yourself from.

"I find it strange as it never seems to be an issue in feature films. All my works are fabricated, make-believe. I'm simply pressing buttons to make people think, but there's no taboo involved in the actual making of them. I use digital manipulations. And the children are never at risk – they think of it as playtime. I wouldn't show my kids naked; I'm not interested in that kind of seduction."

And:

"Obviously giving birth was a euphoric moment, both heavenly and

hellish. Having children is the experience – I wasn't anybody before I had them. My work was about nothing, medical diseases and so on, but it was so shallow. Until I started to make work related to my pregnancy and my children, it wasn't going anywhere.

My films became a kind of exorcism, acting out fantasies to help me get through postnatal depression and my fear of having my children taken away from me. Now I know I have the ability to touch people, and maybe that's because I feel so strongly about my subjects."

(Maria Marshall interviewed by Aura Satz, *Tema Celeste*, #94, November-December, 2002)

How vile it is to gawk back that she made an ugly mistake by not accounting for your base inclusion beforehand. A paedophile gaze that has now unraveled beyond the carefully hidden peeps of cocksucking faggots and fingerfucking queens and into the cultural mainstream. How pathetic to be the rot that suggests that all of this motherly effort exists for something less than mothers would, obviously, prefer. But won't address. Let alone control. And then gets so much better after you hear that the secret is that the image comes from a commissioned antipollution ad. Which is why we now posses the absolutely gorgeous footage of Maria's young child sucking on a cigarette.

Mother Maria is not unaware of the voyeuristic glaze that her films and artwork play with. In an interview included in her very lovely eponymous monograph, she talks of children's stunted and dangerous innate sexuality, Lacan's eloquence on development, and her attempts to see the truth in what she is doing as an artist – "despite the complexity of what I feel and what I understand."

Her films – and especially the lush stills that attract a much wider audience due to their magazine and book publications – lean heavily in favor of cute children in subtle or exaggerated danger. Her charming wide mouthed sons. The boys are small and thin and smart and young. One stuck inside a box surrounded by snakes. Or. Sat inside a padded cell wrapped up in a straightjacket. The boys are very effeminate at these ages. I'm at times wholly unconvinced that they're little boys.

Soft sexy features dressed in a white dago t-shirt with a blonde pageboy haircut is a well known draw for child porn obsessives.

The appeal in “I should be older than all of you,” featured in stills, depicts her child as naked and skinny except for a peter greenaway style red drape over the most important section. His girl ribs push through his little chest and he lays flat with his hands seductively placed behind his head of long curly lush dirty blonde hair.

In the monograph interview, mom goes a long way to explaining the careful education of her children:

“I show them the films and so they’re very aware of what I do as an artist. I try to make an environment during the filming process that is entirely unthreatening to them, even though the results for adult viewers may be unnerving.”

(*Maria Marshall*, edited by Dorothea Strauss, Modo, Germany, 2002)

You always hoped they were safe. No other response. When do you give yourself a sloppier answer? How does she stop herself from siding with the mothers of teen models of teen websites raking in cash from safe-as-fuck lonely masturbators.

The single case found by the producers of the initial NBC investigation into teen modeling sites that allowed the newsteam to tie the dangers of child erotica to child pornography was the confusion of Michael Kivet. Kivet had been caught downloading child porn from a library computer at the University Of North Carolina—Greensboro. And among his collection of hardcore kiddy porn were many shots of preteen non-nude twelve-year-old model Lil’ Amber.

The first broadcast of the report on NBC 6 in Florida was anchored by Deborah Sherman, who spoke with Kivett about the all-important defining audience:

Sherman asked Kivett: “Who’s looking at these pictures of this child?”

“Most likely, it would be sex offenders or pedophiles or something like that,” Kivett replied. “Most people browse these sites just mainly because

they find sexual attraction to children. A lot of them, if they can't find regular porn sites, they use stuff like that as a substitute."

"As a substitute for what?" Sherman asked. "Regular child porn," Kivett said.

As part of his probation, Kivett is not allowed to be around children or go on the internet. He does not have children, but Sherman asked him if he did, would he put his child's picture on the internet?

"No," he answered.

"Why not?" Sherman asked.

"Because it's too dangerous. I don't want somebody like me doing the same thing I did to my kid."

(SELLING INNOCENCE, NBC6.net, airdate: November 8, 2001, posted: March 21, 2002)

This is what happened.

News works backward.

Less than two years past the little eight-year-old's murder, photos of little Sarah are rarely published alongside the interviews and articles that her mother allows.

Many of the parents who choose to grieve by turning the inside out into campaigns often wear badges made from photos of their children. A gesture that should inform a public new to the tragic subject as to the real flesh and blood behind such a difficult but important task.

Who owns the timeline.

Tell us what happened.

Roy Whiting murdered little Sarah Payne. Past tense. Start with his sentencing four years after Sarah first went missing and trawl back.

Who is your audience?

What about those who don't support your cause?

The fat fuck that didn't kill your daughter and that, only as far as you know, beats off to picture files of teen girls in bikinis, some as young or younger or blonder than your daughter's stop date, had how many news clippings in his collection exactly?

The little girl in the dry bikini. Missy. What do you think of this shot?

What kind of little bugbites do these small strips of carefully selected lycra hide. Who put that fucking band-aid on.

Who picked them out for her.

Whose taste does that display for what kind of comment made about what aspect of her childhood.

The photo of little Sarah in her white t-shirt, hiding shy behind her tiny shoulder. As she hugs close much smaller sister Charlotte. The story stops there. It starts now. And slides. Through the lucky bits. The extra sections. The coveted and elevated moments.

What did Roy Whiting do to the child inside his brand new white van. From the evidence.

Sara now hopes Christmas will help ease the appalling anguish she endured watching Whiting in court during the four and a half week trial.

She said: "The first morning when I saw him in court was one of the worst. He made me sick, physically sick. I couldn't stop all day, it was an instinctive reaction.

"The sight of him repulsed me. He is a dirty, horrible man who couldn't even be bothered to have a wash to stand before a judge. I couldn't believe that somebody like that could devastate our lives so badly. It still hasn't sunk in.

"But I can't allow myself to think of Sarah in his clutches. The ordeal of facing him in court was horrible for Mike and me. But we had to be there for Sarah."

(WE WILL PUT THE FAIRY SARAH MADE ON TOP OF THE TREE ... AND TAKE PRESENTS TO HER GRAVE ON XMAS MORNING, Rachel Bletchly, *Sunday People*, December 16, 2001)

Timothy Langdale, QC, prosecuting, told the court Whiting had snatched a nine-year-old girl in the Ifield area of Crawley, West Sussex.

He threw her into the back of his dirty red Ford Sierra and locked the doors, telling her to "shut up" because he had a knife.

Mr. Langdale said: "The defendant told the girl to take off her clothes. When she refused, he produced a rope from his pocket and threatened to tie

her up. What he actually threatened was that he would “tie her mouth up.”

She was then undressed and was subjected to a disgusting sexual assault.’

The similarity to the Sarah Payne case was reinforced as Mr. Langdale revealed that Whiting bought the Sierra a few days before the assault. He had done the same with the white van that he used to drive Sarah.

(THE GIRL WHO NEVER GREW UP, Paul Harris & Christian Gysin, *Daily Mail*, December 13, 2001)

He had already prepared the back of his white van like a sealed prison cell, with all the necessary equipment for abducting and assaulting a little girl, right down to the rope, the nylon-tie handcuffs and the Johnson’s baby oil.

He spent the day cruising three parks, a funfair and a boating lake.

(A MAN SO SICK ANY LITTLE GIRL WOULD DO, Paul Harris & Christian Gysin, *Daily Mail*, December 13, 2001)

“Not sure how much I can tell. I do not want to listen to laws that exist over my head for no logical reason. There’s one case that I want to tell absolutely everything about and then another that I’d rather keep my mouth shut about. The first case because I think the guy’s a fucking scumbag regardless of what the police and press say he’s done. I don’t have any ties other than what happened and I’m not particularly interested in furthering any of it. The other is more problematic because I care a great deal over what happens to the poor fuck. I’d like to help in any way I could and I think what’s going on now in his life is a terrible tragedy. This is someone who should not be wasting away in jail. Both cases have happened at roughly the same time and it makes me wonder how many others I’ve missed. And opportunities I’ve been too arrogant to follow. Inadequate. It obsesses me often enough. A while ago I actually knew something like this was going to happen. I had turned a corner where I was spending too much time around these degenerates and I figured out that sooner or later, there was going to be payoff. That, oddly enough, happened at a bar I was hanging around at. A guy with

a fat greasy belly and a stubby cock covered in blubber that, when it got hard enough to suck, would have to push back around his pubic hair just to keep the fat out of your face. My face. He'd sell me discs of child pornography and wanted to suck more dick than he fed. I've masturbated inches away from his face and his computer screen as I looked at what I'd wanted to see for so long by then. I'd see images of him drenched in human waste and then all these series shots of little girls and boys. His apartment was dirty and cheap and he didn't care where I cummed though I cupped my hand under my cock when I was ready. I let him lick it and suck on it but he was far more interested in seeing me tool. I'd stay over and get up the next day and have regular sex and I couldn't fucking wait to get out of there. But I don't give a fuck about what he thinks or does. And he isn't one of the people that matter to me now. I'd licked out an asshole at the Eagle not too long ago. A guy that I went to the john with and he turned around and I wanted to do it. And it started me in on wanting to do it with all these sick pigs. It actually stems from a drunken night with a woman in a hotel room and an act that I've since wanted to replicate constantly. Even with dirty men. It's why I don't worry about diseases that much anymore. One of these cocksucking traders was this tall skinny fuck with a bad messy goatee and a very sleazy demeanor. I've known him since I was a kid, really, because when he wasn't working at a specific porno store he was hanging out at the others. When the police arrested him, they said he had been working as a security guard for over ten years and that he was virtually homeless. They said that he was divorced and I remember that he would talk about his wife and kids when he was in the porn store at work. But I guess it had been at least that long that I've known him. The last place I saw him; I figured fuck it. He has always been so disgusting to me. We've watched each other droop and sag into these human blobs – he hasn't gained the weight I have, but he's always been the first rat to follow a cock into a booth or through a hole. I've seen him as a template to avoid all my life. He sucked on me and pulled at my nipples and we made out. It was at L.W. Sales, actually, and, as usual, there was no one else there. He yanked on his long thick pale cock and pushed my head

down as I was kissing him. I turned him around and beat his cock as hard as I could while I tongued up all the sweat that collected and sat between him and the wood bench he'd plop on all fucking day long. I always taste more grease and sweat than I do shit. And almost always, these faggots will return the favor. My asshole looks worse. And I knew he would. I pushed my ass into his face and popped in my hand and on my shirt and on the floor. I didn't turn around because I just wanted to cum as if he was just functional. It's the way that I like best. A mexican guy asked me if I wanted to eat it once and I just pushed him into the TV screen. I let this creep cum a little in my mouth though. Even though I cummed, I still wanted to see if I could finish him off and he was ready. I've fucked men here before. There's not a whole lot of room. And I didn't want to get fucked. But, if I hadn't cum all over myself, I'm sure I was getting primed for it. Not sure if it wouldn't have been okay as well. I corkscrewed his asshole that was still wet tight and when he cummed I moved my head away. I licked it off his head and down his shaft and pulled on mine at the same time. I spit in the booth. This was a while before he was arrested but not that long ago. I fucked off and he stayed. He's the type that would head for the john. It really isn't a fag thing. I head straight out the door and go home, if not back to work. He apparently had a book that he showed the little girl that he raped. And when cops found it, it led them to another victim. He had raped the first girl, a ten-year-old, by snatching her off the street. He took her to a vacant apartment that he was staying in and where he was finally arrested. He let the girl go home, I think, but it wasn't in the papers, because he wanted to keep raping her. He threatened to kill her but let her go when the girl said she had to get home before a certain time. The book that the cops found had child porn photos in it that he had made while fucking another little girl the same age. This was the daughter of a friend of his and the pictures were actually taken by the ten-year-old's brother. He was only twelve and the police said he hadn't been physically assaulted. But the animal had a previous record for molesting a boy. The mother of the boy and girl was all over the news and explained that she had suspected something might be going on but both chil-

dren always denied it. She finally stopped letting the kids go out with her friend. And this last one was snatched as she walked home alone through an alley behind the vacant apartment house. He just grabbed her and dragged her upstairs. When the police caught him, he was still in the place and trying to hide in a closet. I'm thinking about what he liked and, in the places that we go, you have to admit there really is no clue. I don't imagine licking my asshole or having my tongue inside his is his favorite thing either. That book, and that revolting hard cock of his, and his sloppy face and long fingers and wiry shitty brain is on my mind every time I jerk off now. I try and think of other things lately. Or look at things. And I keep returning to that cock and that design. I want to see that book and I've asked around very carefully. I don't think he let anyone know and I've never seen him in gay bars. He wasn't the kind you could go home with."

The little nameless that went before:

(Prosecutor Adrian) Chaplin said: "When she asked where she was being taken, she was told to shut up and lie in the footwell. She was also told he had a knife. The defendant drove a winding route, stopping off at a secluded spot where he ordered the girl to undress.

"When she refused, he pulled some lengths of rope from his pocket and repeated his request, saying that if she did not she would be tied up."

After assaulting the naked girl Whiting ordered her to get dressed and dropped her off near her home.

(HE SNATCHED AND ABUSED OUR LITTLE GIRL ... SO WHY WAS HE FREED TO KILL?, Lorraine Fisher & David Pilditch, *The Mirror*, December 13, 2001)

The judge detailed the various implements that Whiting had in the van. Including a knife, rope, cushion and baby oil and plastic ties looped like handcuffs.

He added: "I am quite satisfied that you indecently assaulted her in it. One of the many articles had a small trace of semen on it."

The judge added: "As we all know, you stripped Sarah naked and you suffocated her and buried her and got rid of her clothes – you are indeed an evil man."

(YOU'LL DIE IN JAIL, Harry Arnold & Adrian Shaw, *The Mirror*, December 13, 2001)

"I'd want to suggest that the purpose of the whole thing wasn't to denigrate either her or the parents any further. But it sounds as if you're trying to comfort a corpse as well as intimating that the parents have demeaned themselves. My interest is better than that. Though no one'll believe it. I really would like to treat the poor thing as it would have liked to be treated. But that is impossible and ridiculous to think about and the conversation is, in the right company, indecent. This girl whose photos I have all over my place. I do think she needs protecting from these scumbags. These asshole lickers and cocksuckers. These grabbing mouths and tongues, all these desperate eaters. I know precisely what they're thinking and what they're capable of and I absolutely think they should be stopped. How about if you see the magazine as an attempt to nail those animals down flat. All the irate fathers and superheroes can shut their fucking mouths. I'm telling you more about it than you'd ever know otherwise. And the reason you're angry is because you want to pretend you've got the market cornered on morals and protection. You have no idea unless I tell you. I know how quick you drop your pants. You can develop a taste for it right here. Get it here. I want to foist that highly specific taste for more on everyone. That trademark Sarah title and smile will be responsible for so much learning and eventual damage finally made real. Otherwise, it's not going to happen. I can fold all these photos inside of big breasts and young faces and little horny stories of weblinks and cottage rutting. These fathers are lunatics. Such bad liars. I've never ever wanted to snatch one of the things out of an alley and into my filthy squat rathole. But they have. You can tell from the way they act and what they do. How loud they are and horny."

"When I was sixteen, I got a handjob from a stripper at a table that my

friends were sat around. I don't think it cost more than ten dollars and I don't remember any of my buddies watching. I couldn't tell you what the stripper looked like other than the fact that it held my exposed cock under a table while, maybe, I groped one of her tits. I barely remember the fucking thing. I remember so few of the men that I've been with. There's nothing worth remembering other than the position that I was putting myself into. It's been that way my entire life. These things I can't find a speck of worth in. Unless it's something I splash all over them. It's always fucking nothing. Why wouldn't I use the little poor girl's name over all of my fantasies and memories and wishes for a better fucking time. When has it ever been different. And when is it okay to just fucking think it. I don't imagine it ever could be. In between the backyard and the backroom of Slammers in LA is a huge jug of free hydrogen peroxide. Little paper rinse cups and a big garbage barrel for your spit. In between getting limply sucked by a tweaking KP collector and pissing on a fat oaf who was watching porn, I watched the hopefuls line up and gargle. One after another; most of them shirtless and sweaty. It doesn't do a thing. The main room was packed. Very few of them outward psychotics. The naked fucks on the platform wouldn't budge from their positions. The faggots on the floor would just seal from one big half-hard cock to the next. They just work on all those dicks over and over. Look for the ones that are better than what they just settled for or the one that didn't rudely pull back. Get them hard and cum and huff and work them up again until they decide to concentrate on themselves. The ones that went for the peroxide were the ones in the closed booths, generally. Not the ones spreading out all over. I went into a vacant booth and jerked my sloppy gummed self off looking at a photo that I kept with me. I had two in my pocket but only tugged one out. Honestly, it was my little one dressed in diapers, actually, and a small child's summer shirt. Smiling excitedly as she reached out to pet a rabbit in some field somewhere. She had so much hair even back then. And she was as happy as any photo I've ever seen."

On Roy Whiting.

"They were going to grab him and tie him to the back of one of the racing cars and drag him around. Somebody lost their bottle and called the police and they got him out. I wish they had never bothered."

Whiting was finally forced out and moved to Littleham after residents campaigned about another paedophile living nearby.

His sister's friend added: "I think they were wrong to hound him out of Crawley. Everyone knew he was a paedophile and people were watching him. He was a marked man. If he hadn't been driven out of Crawley, Sarah Payne might still be alive today."

(SON OF A PAEDOPHILE, David Pilditch & Jon Clements, *The Mirror*, December 13, 2001)

There have been few cases in which the parents of a murder victim have maintained such a high profile, and at times they had looked more confident in front of the cameras than the police. But Sara had another surprise. She confessed that facing the press and TV had been extremely difficult.

Asked what she thought when the verdicts were delivered she said: "I thought of Sarah and nothing else."

Did she now have a message for Roy Whiting? For the first time, she spat the words from her mouth. "I have no message for that man," she said. "Ever."

(AT LEAST THEIR DAUGHTER COULD NOW REST IN PEACE, Paul Harris, *Daily Mail*, December 13, 2001)

Asked if anything happened during the time she knew him to make her suspect he was a paedophile, she said: "Nothing, but that's what most of them are like isn't it?

"He was a loner. He wasn't a flirt, he wasn't a ladies' man. He didn't show any unusual tendencies. He was just plain ordinary."

(I DESTROYED EVERY SINGLE PHOTOGRAPH OF HIM. BUT WOULDN'T YOU IF YOU HAD BEEN MARRIED TO SOMEONE WHO HAD DONE THAT? – EX WIFE LINDA, David Pilditch & Jon Clements, *The Mirror*, December 13, 2001)

Photographs of the 42-year-old builder were shown to the jury at Lewes Crown Court. The prosecution drew specific attention to close-up pictures of the scratch marks found on Whiting's upper body. The first was a one-inch curved scratch under his left ribs, which had a scab on it. The second was another one-inch scratch on his left upper arm and the third was a mark of less than an inch on his upper right forearm.

(THREE SCRATCHES CLUE ON THE SARAH SUSPECT, John Chapman, *Daily Express*, November 24, 2001)

He said that Whiting, who in July last year lived in a flat at St. Augustine's Road, Littlehampton, was described by someone who knew him as "a loner with few or no friends."

(TRIAL AGONY FOR SARAH'S PARENTS, Bob McGowan, *International Express*, November 20, 2001)

Baby oil, used by mothers for their babies.

About the brother who is told not to blame himself for leaving Sarah alone for even the minute or two that it took the man that was waiting for exactly such a lucky moment.

And the inadequacies that the press are keen to heap on Mr. Whiting's head and all the people that knew him saying he was greasy and dirty and unwashed. Words intended to make it back to the gutless slob. It is possible it only makes the vivid truth a little more painful. The press, by agreement, is careful with most sad physical details lest they make it back to the suffering families.

Do you know how baby oil on mechanic grime drips and smears down fingers and hands and arms and onto van floors and little handcuffs. And possibly across the tiniest backside you'll never be able to meagerly imagine. How much of a country girl was she. Among the sinewy forest scavengers and rodents. The fanged dogs and cute little fluff balls that could make the cutie squeal in delight when she was just a bit younger.

Child molester José Ramos lived inside a NY sewage pipe before he went to jail. Cops, backtracking a string of child sex crimes, investigated his rusted dirt hole and found a collection of coveted magazine

pages and news clippings showcasing the close-enough sort of little blonde boy he was especially fond of. Over twenty years later and José Ramos, in jail for molesting two boys in Pennsylvania, is still the main uncharged suspect in the apparent kidnapping and murder of six-year-old Etan Patz. Etan's body has never been found and his parents finally had to petition a NY court to have the missing child declared officially dead so that they could pursue a civil suit against Ramos. A civil case could finally force the sewer rat to answer investigators' questions.

It's Etan Patz's old missing poster pictures, hung all over late seventies New York City, that have informed the lingering paper porn tastes of a degenerate locus classicus of contemporary paedophile. The black and white poster photo of the poor boy's cute blonde face is the same photo that Etan's suffering and dedicated father continues to mail to the jailed Ramos, twice every year. On Etan's birthday and on the anniversary of his abduction.

New rat-minded men find that little tragic Etan is key to their ideals of tentative and touchable little blonde boys. His face is so well known that the boy's single smiling image is now considered responsible for the enlightenment of an entire nation absolutely mad for missing children causes and stories. National Missing Children's Day was chosen as May 25 to commemorate the day that Etan went missing from a bus stop in 1979.

These cocksuckers fantasize about Etan while molesting other kids who don't look enough like Etan. And, much more frequently, they masturbate over unmolested others. Not necessarily prospects. While burning and dreaming about what happened to that father adored, knotting underneath, skin and bones body of a rubbed and sucked and fucked cute and unsafe six-year-old. Made naked. Made sexy. Made to respond. Big eyes. Little thin lips. Lots of golden hair that could be combed down into his eyes.

There are not enough details. There are no fucking details. No facts. Just the missing child's loud noted absence. Some titillating history and family snaps. And the steamrolling guesses and removes of tiresome housewife sensationalism. This time channeled through lispy faggot

mouts with smarmy braggart intentions.

Vera Anderson is responsible for a slim book of photos and single page recollections titled *A Woman Like You: The Face Of Domestic Violence* (Seal Press, Seattle, 1997). Nearly forty black and white portraits of women, mainly seated, content, well-dressed, well-groomed and, above all, supported. No bruises, cuts, or plaster casts. No black eyes, tears, or hospital white linen fetish gear. Though there are some shots taken in jail. And a crutch here and there.

And the harder you look to see even the slightest reflection of their face-led picked-on tales of grieving underpowered violence. Their gross pudgy need for love and comfort turned inside out. The more frustrated you become. Because it's not there. Not over all those stylishly sensible clothes. Not on their puckered gumps. Not over the female wear and tear of age. You'll have to make up the truth. Fantasize the details. Force the obvious. Stop saying they're beautiful full-stop. Because they're not.

Living With The Enemy by Donna Ferrato (Aperture, NY, 1991) features the graphic after-effects of wife battering. In particular, not nearly enough pages on Hedda Nussbaum:

"There was absolutely nothing human in her expression: no shame, no embarrassment, no suffering. She was more dead than anything else. I studied these photographs and thought about people who say that women stay with violent men because they like it."

More fact photos of Hedda's brutalized face and severe leg lesions, gangrene, are included in the cheap paperback *Lisa, Hedda and Joel* by Sam Ehrlich (St. Martin's Press, NY, 1989). There is excellent documentation of her arrest and shocking police interviews in every news file on the Joel Steinberg case. In her bra. Having the investigators point and measure the bruises on her back. Close-ups of her dark dumb eyes and split nose and flattened crusty lips. Vivid depictions of her weak permanently damaged skinny calves.

Hedda is only interesting inside of what finally happened to her little adopted daughter Lisa Steinberg. Favorite photo of the pre-murdered

Lisa is included in *I Wish You Didn't Know My Name*, written by Lisa's birth mother Michele Launders (Warner Books, NY, 1990). There are photos of the child, beaten to death in a NY apartment over a considerable amount of significantly sexless time, looking depressed and vacant and badly-kept in school. She being the only child in the class that didn't get dressed up in a costume for the halloween party held that day. All around her. There's even a shot of her six-year-old tiny frame standing next to a patrolman's desk after he pulled her and her father into the station after a toll booth operator spotted the girl looking "distressed." In fact, this photo was taken just two weeks before she was finally murdered. But it's the pictures of the little one smiling wide and pointing to flowers and playing with a big fat kitty that are the best. Until someone releases the crime scene photos. As *Investigative Reports* sometimes teases to by quick edits and prim crops. You'll have to concentrate and, ultimately, pretend to see little Lisa's physical and mental pain in the clean innocent perfect foreshadowing that her toothy smile somehow contains. Not that such a possibility actually exists.

The pervert sits on a short bench that's rapidly starting to disappear under the extra weight and hungry spread he blobs in here day after day. Sits on the bench in the booth waiting for someone to peek in and decide that's either the best he's going to do tonight or it'll just last as long as there is no one else in the backroom. No sense standing around outside by yourself, the slob repeats silently, obsessively, one dead chance piled on top of another.

His hole has been rejected in exactly this way before. No one there but his hunkered down lump and another, younger, firmer, cock. Both looking for little more than a mouth and a mildly attentive tongue. Yet the slob is left by himself. Watching a video in four minute intervals. Counting his money and niggling his time. His face flushed and sweaty and he realizes that the only thing the cock who opened his door, looked in, and then shut it, saw was the gleam off the TV screen across his fat clammy stupidity. He's taken to sitting in the only booth that has a bench since he's realized that there should be no question that he's there to do anything but suck absolutely anything put to him.

Hole understands something more vividly than most. There was no sex abuse allegations or testimony in the Joel Steinberg case but doesn't mean there wasn't any. And that it doesn't have to include simple bodiless masturbation or hard-ons shifting sore in tight pants and under roomy t-shirts.

Explain. The slug thinks to himself. Let me get something from this. Fucking lizards. There are so many shots of shirtless hairy Joel Steinberg laying on the beach next to frumpy Hedda and then, again, holding Lisa in a bath or on a bed. Hot Greenwich Village summers and bad steamy NY apartments required him to strip off and be as comfortable as he could as he lived his life around the two women and a new baby boy in his life.

Children become bigger than their lives. They don't deserve it. Since they don't hold up well under close scrutiny. Six-year-old Lisa Steinberg would have looked like the chinless myopic mother that gave her up in just a few unfortunate years. The same way magic JonBenét Ramsey would've been plastered with make-up for the rest of her breezy expectationless southern life until she decided to plastic surgery herself into contemporary oblivion. And the fucking animals that literally crawl around the floors in these gloryhole booths, shirtless and tonguing and frying exactly like a Joel Steinberg looking for a rat hole to explode inside of, are to be appreciated for allowing themselves to render themselves unique and apart from the ugly packs directly outside that door with the fucking warning bell attached. The booth droolers that hide more searing intellect than the paid hourly strippers could ever posses or imagine.

The pig waits as long as it takes. The next scumbag in here that lifts his own shirt up and expects his nipples pinched and licked and sucked. First. Will have to be anthropomorphized. Into a man that stood over his child's suffering body while he freebased cocaine with his hideously battered wife.

This is what happens.

Joel Steinberg came back to the apartment where he left Hedda stumbling and beaten. And. His six-year-old little girl suffocating and starv-

ing and sinking for hours and hours into unretractable brain damage. Only to start smoking coke over her dying but breathing, dreamless body.

(*Timothy Langdale, QC*) said: “On July 17, 2001, Luke Coleman, a farm labourer, came across what he at first thought was the body of a dead animal. To his horror he realized it was the body, or part of the body, of a dead child. It was in fact Sarah’s body that had been partially pulled out of the shallow hole in which she had been buried by her murderer.

“Pulled, that is, by animals. The hole was shallow. It was no doubt created hurriedly and quickly at dead of night. Parts of her body were missing, having been torn off by animals.”

(AS SARAH’S FATHER SAT LISTENING TO THE DREADFUL EVIDENCE HIS HEAD BOWED AND SHOULDERS SAGGED, Robert Kellaway, who has been with the Paynes through every stage of their despair, *News of the World*, November 18, 2001)

A half-page color photo of Sarah in pink jammies hugging her little six-year-old sister Charlotte and taken only a month before she was murdered.

The slug slobs itself back into the video screen. He looks at one of the spread out whores on one of the very few heterosexual channels that work inside this pit. The young pig sucks, what, two or three cocks at a time. Moves her head from well hung crotch to crotch and slurps professionally. Works her neck and mentality like a machine and adequately conveys that she likes her promising workload.

He scratches at the crop of pink raw pimples that spread across the side of his adult temple and suspects he just made a dirty habit even dirtier. The buttons that select channels are redolent of every scum-bagged asshole finger-fucker ever sat there. It does not get cleaned. Ever. Cunts should call the health department. And put the cocksucker in the front out of a miserable livelihood. The faggot up there lives in the transient hotel just next door. Can’t drink in the bar next to that either. Even though it’s clearly in his buck-fifty-a-can price range. The coun-

ter queen goes from work, here, to life, there, in his silverfish oneroom and that's it. Maybe he eats in the 24 hour diner on the corner that has similar health histories but even that is unlikely. Donuts and cock and canned soup and young boys' spread open assholes to which he has dedicated his entire life to.

The prostitute, being young and in shape and in control of her image then, hardly seems to be suffering as much. Can't help but wonder what a knife dragged across her californian face would cause. And. Tiny. The animal that pays to see her image starts to grow hard and begins to smell that he'll be able to cum in here now. Seeing right past her youth and options and healthy tits and slim waist. Her bouncing hard ass with a tan lined purposefully like a thong. That probably exists in all the others. He doesn't make it up. He's cum before he even touches himself sometimes this way. And can't figure out the reason why it sometimes takes longer than usual.

That Steinberg child, sadly, was an ugly girl. Cute as any little six-year-old skinny child in a ballerina danskin top. With a cute little bottom and a cute little playtime now etched across the huge NY network that took her to their passionate heart enough to allow her father a chance at an appeal based on massive press prejudice. And this blonde bleating wound on the screen behind sex acts performed by mimicking animals will walk out of that model agency's office into one perfectly unabusive relationship after another. And all the women that are raped because cocksuckers like the troll sat here. Understanding the difference between fantasy and reality and consequence. That support the news that provides the ideas in retard's heads.

And he thinks.

There are photos of the crime scene. That landed her in the hospital. And started her recovery process. And I've got the shots, one after another, of her acting just like any other little tramp.

There are those that will have you believe that there's a theme running from case to case. Avoid these. They are not selling you what you want. From the dumb cocksuckers who need to graft their thin personalities onto what they once had down to the sickening scavengers that

will attempt to sell you cheap deconstructions of the media. As if they know more than you. As if they have some reason other than liking the pedantic drone of their own stupid fucking voices. Newspaper readers. Karaoke machines. Fathers who take their cues from bereaved mothers. The mother says the exact same thing as the littlest daughter.

The only brand you know who doesn't is the one that masturbates to the little photos and the little informations. Covets what the big black vultures drop. The ones who hide and have gotten used to premasticated meals.

Sarah Payne and Jessica Chapman and little fucking far hotter Holly majorette. These little rats are not the same.

A genius came up with some child pornography that couldn't be called anything else.

A little blonde darling, no more than five or six, getting her instructions off camera. Her darling full face squared off to the entire frame. Her hair only once in a while coming into camera when the little brat turns her buzzing head to the side because she's not fucking listening. And all the fucker is doing behind the camera is making the little rat kiss the camera lens. Nothing more. I even turn the sound down. I couldn't care about his voice or her innocent squeakiness. I like it very much, on the other hand, when he convinces her to close her eyes and kiss at the same time.

Now pretend you're a kitty cat.

Little Sarah Payne dominated the bartime of middle England and closet paedophiles for a full six months after she went missing. She's a little fucking mouse. All the best history fits inside one photo. Her disappearance and her parents' unprecedented availability to a british tabloid made for front page news for at least that long. And the drip and trickle off into obligation hasn't waned all that dramatically due to mum Sara's dedicated anti-paedophile campaigning ever since. Sarah's name and slight history and her smiling photo are regurgitated every time there's another one gone missing or found raped and dead. Sara is the figurehead behind the clamor for a paedophile law in Britain based on Megan's Law in the US. The law was oprahed as a healing device for

the public's rage over Sarah's murderer being a paroled child molester. Truthfully, it was a publicity device for a tabloid that kept the mouse and its parents plastered all over its pages in perfect accordance with proven sales histories. The mother had a loudly rough year. So did the father and the mice siblings. The paper was there to help and so was the public. Anti-paedophile protests and vigilante gangs sprung up in council estates in response to a campaign launched by the *News of the World* to publish the names and pictures of convicted yet free paedophiles. The riots were expected and filmed. The garbage bag mothers dressed up their babies in t-shirts that had "Protect Me" and "Paedophiles Out" scrawled in magic marker across their posy little chests where their tits weren't yet. And therein lies the real interest in little Sarah's most likely unraped six-year-old corpse.

Not because of the media machinations or the passé middle class appreciation of the lower classes' lust for more righteously presented gore. Fuck you. But because it drove the ratpickers harder than you ever even knew was possible.

You have to fucking move out of the hole.

Stop repeating yourself. Stop masturbating onto just photos and pretending it's better than what the rest of the slime don't even do. Call one more motherfucker a vulture and see if anyone trembles in light of the revelation.

Trolls are driven by greed but stymied by laziness. Ugly getting uglier. Again. One creates the next. Getting fatter and filthier all the time. When arrested, they'll understand that they were at a low point in their lives. If never arrested, they'll wade in far deeper but discover less and less while barely moving an inch. They stopped long ago. And it only gets worse.

You'll have to listen to them whine. The bathtub ring is created entirely by those they have to answer to. They will always know that there was nothing better in the distance. That the little moves and twitches they bloated outward were a perfectly sensible adaptation of the regretful lack of options offered to them by luck or looks. It isn't revenge. It is all they have.

Over-sensitive and sloppy, petty and frightened. The trolls prowl all over themselves first. They swallow their mental stench constantly. They understand what makes them hard better than most. They admit it to themselves when they're smelling their armpits through dirty coats and stained underwear and t-shirts. They sweat all over themselves foremost. They tolerate it fine. You could too.

I've had to listen to these sick fuck invalids for what seems like my entire life. And worse, I've wanted to buy what little they had to sell. Right now; I'm seriously fucking sick of it. Seriously fucking tired of their filthy lies and half-brained sales stumbles and then their complete utter condescension. I'm bored with their jobs. I'm sick of pitched second hand experience.

I think there are better places to sink to. Easier places to sit fat and gross and alone. I'm searching for greater acknowledgment and display. Especially for grief. Pain is sucked hard through grief and I'll pay to see it spotlit. It's better when its positioned and sold. I'll even believe in what they call human.

I'm wrong about all of this. I know that. My interests are typical, base, obvious, american, philistine. Vulgar. And I don't want to sound like I'm justifying my prurience by appearing sly or knowledgeable. I'm on the wrong side all twisted and bent and hardly hurting for company.

What about the baby oil, Mrs. Payne?

Man takes off his shirt to have sex with a child. Was he fucking sharing something of the experience with her? Did he just want to be careful not to get any cum stains on his shirt? Can you imagine the beast naked and holding his hard-on behind his slurring straight specifics. His instructions. And intentions. Spread. Be quiet. Open. Lay down and shut up before I reach into that wide mouth and rip your tonsils out. Show me how far that mouth stretches. Take a few more fingers. Baby oil flat over his pores and running thin and greasy as he slathered up his knuckles and fingers and wrist and forearm and then masturbated the mess over his loose ugly genitalia. Like dad's. He placed his fingers in her mouth first. Instead. Spread the expanse cheek to cheek and licked

at her teeth to taste the filth he left in her hot crying quivering mouth. What did her tongue taste like. The inside of her mouth. It tasted hot. It tasted like warm tears and hot dark open garlic mouth. Guess.

You get used to leaving your shirt on. You don't take it off and let the men you're fucking see the man they're fucking. Unless you're going to let it piss on you because you pissed on it.

You go on and scratch, honey. Go on and fight. Let's see who wins. Pull.

The riots that broke out in Paulsgrove council estate and elsewhere were easy to dismiss. Retrograde idiots taking their best chance to howl loudly for anything resembling attention. The mob mentality that took hold for nearly a week across Britain is chiefly remembered by attacks on the homes of innocent people. Most notably a gwent pediatrician whose door sign was shockingly misread as paedophile. And then that the spokesperson for the Paulsgrove group, Katrina Kessel, had her child found wandering around nude by police just as she was giving yet another TV interview.

In Portsmouth, England, police said five innocent families have so far been forced to leave their homes after threats from neighbors.

One man reportedly was suspected of pedophilia simply because he lived alone and talked about how much he loved his mother.

(CONFUSED VIGILANTES ATTACK DOCTOR'S HOME, Caroline Byrne, *Chicago Sun-Times*, August 31, 2000)

The boil that was Paulsgrove was finally exploded when the *News of the World* accurately reported that Victor Burnett was living in their midst. Mr. Burnett had lived in the area for two years by then. He had served two thirds of a nine year sentence for his "key member" part in the "Dirty Dozen" gang of paedophiles. A car, thought to be owned by his sister, was set on fire during the protests.

In short, all the protesters' targets subsequent to Burnett were victims of rumour, gossip and, in some cases, sheer spite. Nor were those besieged and

terrorized inside their homes the only victims, according to Superintendent Bob Golding who was in charge of policing: "There are the children who witnessed the demos or took part; some of them were only four or five years old. Then there were others in the area, intimidated by what was happening and too scared to speak out."

The legacy of bloodlust may be the hardest to erase. Most of those who had their collars felt were just boy rowdies, out for fun. But it's the images of women and their children marching through the night that stick most in the mind: infants toting cardboard coffins, mothers chanting hate. It may have been triggered by a combination of local circumstances and national news events. But Paulsgrove still came to represent with terrible vividness a mood of fear and loathing in the national psyche.

(AFTER THE PURGE, Dave Hill, *The Guardian*, February 6, 2001)

I had started picking up the cigarette butts that were flicked at the stage. The ones I saw that were still barely burning. I was soaked in stenchy beer that the audience had spat and flung and I wanted to smoke the last bit of someone else's discarded filthy cigarette. I sucked quite a few.

The motherfuckers who were tossing their beer from the front of the stage were the easiest to convince: I'd wipe the sweat and beer out of my bloated face, back up into my hair, and lean into the stare of one stupid dolt after another. Almost all of them would open their mouths and pretend to want the beer I could vomit down into them. Almost all of them backed away and let the disgusting bucket streams hit anywhere but their face. Except for the faggots.

I knew what it looked like. The idiot singer told me later that it was the worst thing on the video he watched. I stopped watching the videos over ten fucking years ago.

The audience threw anything they could at us. Cigarettes were all over the place. This being trendy London.

I'd bend down when I saw some stranger's tiny wasted extinguished garbage and I'd stick it into my drunken drooled mouth. It only tasted like foam and ashtray dirt when I couldn't get it to smoke and then I'd

chew it and swallow it and realize I couldn't taste anything but the sloppy bum drunk anyways. There was no human taste. No spit. No tobacco. No bad breath.

No smudged wet cunt lipstick. I'd work up a sick stomach wad of phlegm into my mouth and spit it at the first staring fuck I'd see. It wasn't unexpected given the ronettes' audience.

I always smoke when I go into the cocksucking joints that dot my town. And the faggot bars I go to. At Touché and Cell Block I leave my cigarettes on the bar, next to the ashtray and a cheap pink lighter, so that some slippery queer can either noise about the brand or just be a fag about asking for one. I picked the brand, dunhills, because I liked the way the heavier smoke smelled all over a young woman I saw very rarely. I could then blow smoke into the queer's reddened face or share queenly cut drags or, at least, compare the liquor to smoke ratio inside my new friend's hot rank mouth.

I prefer to kiss men. Men who I have had no previous connection with and, in fact, I prefer this to anything else that has ever happened to me sexually. It doesn't surprise me that I've ended up sucking hard on dogends and seeing this pathetically small nothing as somehow sexually or sociologically significant.

I'd swallow the burning fucking rattails and let the mud from our shoes and the beer and even the crushed glass slip down my throat with the taste of dried chalky hot ash. I could feel it in my cock and my balls and, even then, I was drunk and incoherent. Street whores give interviews to highly paid creeps and tell them how they save their kisses for the men or women they really love. Porn actresses sometimes make the same distinction but with less obvious, less important parameters. They'll drag their tongues over someone's chewed overworked glans and push it into some nigger's skinned black asshole but there's supposed to be something much more magical in lolling it over another tongue with your eyes closed. But that'll change soon enough. Capitalism and a tight job market will bring all of the prim dolls back into the one mattress basement soon enough. Act like a dog. Act like a cow. Act like a rat. Tell me you're home. Tell me how your uncle or high school

teacher fucked you first because you know your barely paying audience likes to pretend they're big sadists and giggling perverts. It really doesn't have to matter anymore. The tattoo you picked works absolutely anywhere; you're absolutely right about that.

I've got another sore inside my mouth. This one just above my teeth into my receding gum line because of the hideously unhealthy penis or tongue or asshole I barely sucked on the other day.

The last time I was in London, the same week of the aforementioned beery rock show, I visited some soho prostitutes just like I always fucking do. That week I preferred the ones who hang up cardboard signs in doorways to the ones that you used to be able to call from phoneboxes. If I go into a phonebox, there's too much choice and I usually end up with a crossdresser or a transsexual. My disinterest in women's lumpy grotesque bodies tends to give way without me planning it to too easily. Trolling around Soho means I get some young idiot woman who I'll have little pick of. And I like walking around the crowded neighborhood and all the english poseurs and busy lying beasts who expose cleavage and tight bad fashioned cunts and bulbous asses stalking and stumbling on high heels and I'm the fucking lonely pig that'll be masturbating at their images at home later, much to everyone's laughing agreement and pretentious disgust. I'm not hard to figure out. Especially when I'm repeating myself.

The last meaty whore I went with. To. Was as smiling and nice as all the other opened older mice I've ever fucking been with. Even though I've become less polite and more obviously hideous. Quite aside from my aging widening hunching personal appearance. I'm full of unembarrassed instructions lately. Even though there's virtually none. And nothing demanding or difficult. But these pigs aren't stupid. About this kind of low-life sex. They'd have to be farm animals not to smell something like repressed rape on me.

For the parents of Sarah Payne.

More than 50 officers were at the court to deter a repeat of the demonstrations which marked Whiting's first court appearance earlier this

month. More than 200 people had chased the van taking him away.

Yesterday, a box of eggs was confiscated from a man who had planned to throw them at Whiting arriving or leaving the court.

In the dock, Whiting did not look at the Payne family but stared straight ahead during the brief hearing.

(PARENTS OF SARAH FACE SUSPECT IN COURTROOM, Christian Gysin, *Daily Mail*, February 20, 2001)

A police van escorting Whiting was rocked and battered as the public swarmed on to the road, and officers formed a human barrier to stop people following.

(MOB FRENZY AS MAN IS ACCUSED OF SARAH KILLING, Bob McGowan, *The Express*, February 8, 2001)

"Please don't call us good-natured; anything but that!" pleaded City stockbroker Stephen Eggins, 50, who has three children between nine and 14. "We are absolutely fed up with the contempt that's been shown for us, first by the fact they tried to sneak this hostel in over Christmas without properly informing anyone, and now that they're trying to keep us away from questioning them about it."

However, despite their obvious pride in their skillful adoption of direct action, some tactics used by more outspoken protesters were still a step too far for Eggins and his companions. Offered the chance to hold aloft a fellow activist's placard emblazoned with 'Perverts Out!', mother-of-four Jessica Lee, 43, declined on behalf of all present. "Oh no, that really is rather tacky, don't you think?"

(HOSTEL INTENT, Judy Kerr, *Time Out*, February 7-14, 2001)

Kessell accepts that it wasn't pretty. "Yes, there can be something ugly about a mob." And the use of the tiniest of children, chanting "sex beast!" and "hang him!"?

"Yes, I know. Some of that was out of order; they didn't really know what a paedophile was. But they do now. And you're right, I couldn't control everything. Every protest is going to have hangers-on. We tried to tell

some of the teenagers to calm down. But, look, how else do you get noticed? How else is anyone going to listen to a common person like me? Even the local papers weren't interested before, let alone the nationals. At least we were being listened to, and we got something done. Answer me this: if you were a paedophile coming out of jail now, and you were offered a place in Paulsgrove, would you take it? I thought not. This is now the safest estate in England."

(THE UNREPENTANT VIGILANTE, Euan Ferguson, *The Observer*, February 4, 2001)

Rioters smashed windows, burnt a car, caused a convicted paedophile to flee and go to ground, forced out four other families with no record of child abuse, waved placards calling for lynchings and deportations (to South America, for some reason) and touched off among their own children infantile eruptions of hatred and vandalism. A list of 20 rumoured paedophiles was produced and circulated. A suspected child sex offender from nearby Southampton shot himself dead. A second suspect also committed suicide.

(THE POISON IN PAULSGROVE'S VEINS, Cal McCrystal, *The Independent On Sunday*, August 13, 2000)

The concerned had long been offered the chance to sign petitions and campaign for Sarah's Law. The riots in Paulsgrove counsel estate occurred when crowds took their cues from the *News of the World's* "Name and Shame" centerspread.

Roy Whiting's father was attacked when it was learned that he was housing his – then only under suspicion – son.

The tabloids and the quality press faced off against each other. And the Paynes had publicly placed their thanks with the *News of the World* campaign when it came to draw sides.

Sara, 31, said: "I think the playground is fantastic. It is the sort of place Sarah would have loved to play in and will be a safe haven for children.

"I can't believe so much has been achieved already. It is comforting to

know so many people wanted something positive to come out of our tragedy."

(YOUR TRIBUTE TO SARAH, Rachel Betchly, *Sunday People*, January 28, 2001)

How did young mum Sara pick out her bluejeans for the picture request that accompanied the plans for a brand new playground in murdered Sarah's honor? Very tight. Next to her husband on the site of the old playground. Her top button stretched to near bursting, the thirty-one-year-old is far too skinny to have grown out of them. Already. What do part-time bartenders wear on their days off.

Your mother did nothing wrong at all. Neither did daddy. Caught by surprise. Continually. Happy and cared-for in all the photos I have of her. I like her smile and I fucking know from staring at the fucking thing so many times that it's perfectly natural. Her hair is delightfully clean and shiny and a little thin due to miserable english genetics. No one's fault this day and age. Big eyes. Blessed. Until Roy Whiting yanked everything away.

Your mother's loosened crotch rub is something just a little dirtier than you're used to, sweetheart. Not a problem with the bar buddies and patrons and low-rent low-class friends and neighbors you would have grown up alongside had you lived longer than your allotment. Can you imagine, little one, seeing someone trying to tug those fucking things off your mum? With her legs up in the air and a look of drunken slouch as she checks the blurred effect that seeing her panties has on her suitor? Turn over. The lucky bellied plowhorse would say to the skinny mommy as he wants to see what's underneath that such cheap black lingerie. He slaps her ass. Little mouse.

That smile was made for this you alcoholic slob. Who taught you to act like that. And who fucking changed it now? How many more chances are masturbating plugs like myself going to get to be able to see those wrinkles flatten out just over your english rose? Any cunt could smell that bourbon and heavy beer stench burped up from that skinny mother sagging stomach. You can draw your sloppy vodka and coke

tongue across her stretch marks and pretend that it doesn't bother you. One reek over another. I'll tell you what. Let's pretend the skinny socket doesn't consider changing her wardrobe just yet. Let's pretend that she doesn't give a fuck yet. Let's pretend that no one has explained the ridiculous contemporary conception of role models and public responsibilities. Let's think she'll no longer have to pretend that she really likes getting fucked. And this old thing? Fuck me, it's all I had. And it was only a quick shot for a playground bother.

Last night shocked mum Sara Payne said: "Naturally, we are devastated. I demand to know who these people are. Anyone in authority with an ounce of compassion would realize it was right to tell me. How can I go through this again? All we need to know is who and where they are so we can be vigilant. No rational person would seek to harm these people."

The News of the World has suspended its paedophile naming campaign but is making every effort to get the Paynes the official information they need.

(NEW SARAH HORROR – HER FAMILY'S REHOUSED NEAR 5 PAEDOPHILES, Neville Thurlbeck, *News of the World*, October 1, 2000)

The Paynes traveled to 10 Downing Street to hand in the signed petitions in support of Sarah's Law personally. The petitions were housed in large boxes with Sarah's face covering the cardboard corner to corner. You put your petition inside. Then someone folded the flaps down and taped it flat. Then the parents carried it to the men in charge of everyone's future sense of well-being.

One of the paedophiles who were featured in the article as being too close to the Payne's new counsel home was a scout leader who "filmed boys naked" and wrote that "it's easy to get close to children – work in a Romanian orphanage for a little while."

The article also included news that Marc Klaas had traveled to England to help convince a meeting of Tory MPs of the worth of Sarah's Law. He appeared alongside *News of the World* editor Rebekah Wade.

But Mr. Payne, 31, said it was never far from the surface. Watching Charlotte laughing as she swung upside down from a climbing frame, he said: "I know she thinks about Sarah all the time. I hear her chatting to her Sindy dolls, saying Sarah this and Sarah that." He admitted, however, that it was a relief to act like a normal family, if only for a short time. "It is just so nice to get away," he said. "We even went down to the club last night and had a few drinks."

(PARENTS OF MURDERED SARAH TAKE LAW BATTLE TO STRAW, Emily Compston, *The Mail on Sunday*, September 10, 2000)

The article, ostensibly about the Paynes delivering their petitions and ideas to Home Secretary Jack Straw, was housed in a shot of the kids on rollerskates while the parents held carefully onto little Charlotte as she tried to balance herself. The writer was careful to note:

Yesterday, courtesy of The Mail on Sunday, they and their three children were at a holiday park on the South coast taking their first family break since the discovery of Sarah's body.

Paedophile question is what did it take for the Paynes to agree to a photo opportunity and/or an interview. Did they see their time as precious or simply political. Did they suffer the same mangled pretension that Erin Runnion struggled with when she announced that the people needed to hear from her. Not american enough. Did they consider all offers. And weigh them against what factors exactly? Was a kids' day out acceptable from the off? Did the kids mind? Did they feel like anyone was trading on their sister's memory? Did they ever selfishly think that they might just be a little luckier on one day as opposed to all the other grieving ones. How many times can the short paragraphs end with the words "Sarah's body" when you know what it looked and felt like. When it really breathed.

Consumed by expectations. Consumed by consent.

During Sara and Michael's vigil the coffin remained closed.

"We didn't see her body after it was found," said Sara. "We don't want to remember her that way.

"All the time I stared at that coffin, I played over and over in my mind a picture of laughing, happy Sarah jumping all over the place and so full of life."

(I LAID LITTLE SARAH TO REST WEARING A SILVER FAIRY NECKLACE. I HAD WORN IT DURING THE SEARCH AS A SYMBOL OF HOPE AND WANTED IT BURIED WITH HER, Louise Oswald, *News of the World*, September 3, 2000)

Detectives told them last week that tests by two pathologists convinced them eight-year-old Sarah did not suffer a horrendous sex attack before she died.

Afterwards Sara said: "We've found it very helpful to be kept informed of everything by the police. They realized Mike and I were serious about wanting to know every detail of what happened to Sarah."

(SARAH: 'NO EVIDENCE OF SEX ASSAULT', David Dillon, *Sunday Express*, August 20, 2000)

Sara and Michael wore 'For Sarah' badges to the service lead by Canon Maureen Palmer, with a sermon by the Bishop of Dorking, the Right Rev, Ian Brackley.

They had asked the congregation to dress colorfully to reflect their daughter's bright personality.

(TEARS, TEDDYBEARS AND A DOZEN WHITE DOVES, Ben Proctor, Anna Gekoski & Nadia Cohen, *News of the World*, August 13, 2000)

Nearly FOUR HUNDRED THOUSAND readers have now signed our For Sarah petition demanding a law to give parents the right to know if a paedophile is living near them – and to make life imprisonment MEAN life for child sex offenders.

Today we carry the dedication 'For Sarah' beneath our masthead on Page One. It will appear there every week until Sarah's Law is introduced.

Due to the huge response some readers may not yet have received their

For Sarah badges – these should arrive soon.

(... AND TODAY MORE SUFFER, Jules Stenson, *News of The World*, August 31, 2000)

“THE DAY A NATION MOURNED” coverage in the *News of the World* ran for six pages. With three color photos of various Payne family members crying and breaking down. There was an additional color shot of two very little boys in t-shirts, bright sport shorts, and comfortable sandals standing in front of Sarah’s portrait as it rested among “the hundreds of furry toys and teddy bears left by sorrowful members of the public.”

The coverage included an editorial by the embattled editor of the paper, Rebekah Wade. She stated that she wanted to “send a personal message,” and to “thank our supporters, who are many, and answer our critics, who are few”:

Throughout the campaign we have counseled strongly against the vigilante action, and the mindless minority who ruined the peaceful protests by the parents of Paulsgrove deserve only contempt.

They present the greatest threat to Sarah’s Law and there must be no more violence. It must be remembered Sarah’s Law would impose tough sentences for vigilante action.

But it is an unfortunate fact that, pushed to the extreme, otherwise reasonable citizens are forced into vigilante action.

Decent families living on rundown estates react angrily against the flood of perverts rehoused into their communities.

Reaction against them, sometimes violent, has happened frequently in the past, but has gone unreported until we launched For Sarah.

Joyful Child Foundation is a website charity set up by Samantha Runion’s mother as a living memorial to her murdered, raped five-year-old child. There are thumbnail pictures of the smiling gorgeous little girl there. You click on the tiny image and her funny face crowds your entire computer screen. Then you move down to the next. There are less than

ten home shots and a few drawings that the little cutie colored before she died. Bright yellow suns. Smiling faces or whatever. One with a feather attached. Flowers. Smiling stick figures. Relatives and friends who would have seen these art pieces would have commented on the little smiling one's genetic talent and good cheer. You won't believe me now. But Samantha Runnion is a sparkling and enchanting child. The photos of her are devastating. She is absolutely beautiful. She smiles wide. And she's only five years old. She gets younger as the photos click by. Until you reach a picture where she's basically a personality-less baby. But dressed up, nonetheless, like a halloween fairy. The man that ripped this little girl into death had to be raging. Beyond any sort of coping ability or sympathy. Just dead damage in a blank unhooked burning brain. The cat photo is there in the thumbnails. Samantha is lying on a bed, covered in a blanket, with her cat comfortably next to her. The cat's eyes look sleepy and content. Just as if purring. Even better. The little girl's tiny arm is wrapped around the kitty and her hand touches its bottom to nestle it closer. Its small white paw rests on top of little Mantha's pink jammied chest. She has a slight pink smile. And big full brown eyes that look directly at the whoever that took the photo. Moved, obviously, by the sudden recognition of exposed dependence. She has very long, wavy, thick brown or red hair that spills over her forehead and across the pillow down to the side of her bed. Plush toys above her and to her side. In her other little hand, she clutches to her boney chest what looks like a water bottle. In case she got thirsty during her nap. Could be a weird toy or something; just as easily. This little girl deserved better than she got. Not that any of the other murdered little ones didn't. But this one really is the most special. The prettiest one I've ever seen since the photos of the little living girl stopped coming my way so frequently. I don't know how to convince you. I don't know how to separate the sludge from the urge to appreciate what really is all there. There's no way that I can explain the picture that comes just after. The little baby with her helmet of hair and popsicle red sugar happily smeared all over her childish lips and cheeks, almost into her little nose. The full-face portrait, slightly blurry, is cut off unfairly. But I can

quite clearly see a gold necklace dangling around her slight nonexistent sized shoulders. She looks like she could have been quite a little actress. A comely shot of her with a plastic easy-wipe purse, for play, strapped over her arm and her precious hand pressed to her face. Surprised. Cute. More pink and faded reds. Huge eyes underneath all that hair and a very charming, very expressive smile. You can download prints to make badges and even t-shirts. "BE BRAVE – Samantha Runnion's motto," headlines the page for this rainbow opportunity. A thank you gesture. She is a thin ballerina in one posted photo. Friendly, shared. I suspect it's been cut out from a larger picture that might have included other children. Samantha extends her long arms outward and tilts her head to the side and smiles as wide as I've ever seen. Her cheeks bunch up like apples. Her eyes are fucking enormous inside that little girl appreciation. Also. There is a large close-up of her face. Her very skinny frame and countenance is almost always evident through her long chin and blushed drawn cheeks. Pretty little button nose. Big ears and a long neck. This is the one that must especially hurt the people that knew the little girl. Unless it's the one of her perfectly all-safe and nestled. Whole. Protected. Bathed in attention and love. Or the one where her cheerful personality seems adequately, joyfully, captured.

For Katrina Kassel.

The previous day, the Paynes learnt that Sarah's body will soon be released for burial. Pathologists cannot decide on the cause of death; it may have been strangling, or suffocation. Sarah, they have decided was not sexually assaulted.

That should have brought relief. It did, at first. But the Paynes have had to learn more about paedophiles and their methods over the past month than they can ever have wanted to know.

That hers was a sexual killing, police have no doubt.

*(FOR SARAH ... THE DOVES OF PEACE, Barbara Jones, *The Mail on Sunday*, August 13, 2000)*

Barbara Jones interviewed the Paynes just after the violence started

under their murdered poster child's name. Mike and Sara tried to explain their part in all the arguing and screaming and, in particular, their backing of the *News of the World*'s naming and shaming scheme, on the eve of a memorial service for Sarah:

But last week the Paynes were sickened by its consequences. "We had no idea this would happen," says Sara. "The campaign took off soon after Sarah was found and there wasn't much time for us to think things through." The newspaper put it to the couple just hours before publication; despite misgivings Sara and Mike went along with it.

"We only agreed to back it because we hoped it would force politicians to consider Sarah's Law, new rules that would mean safety for other children," adds Sara.

Mike has been sickened by letters demanding that paedophiles should be hanged, or worse. "They think this comforts us, but it doesn't," he says. "It leaves us cold."

Rebekah Wade's editorial made it clear that support from the Paynes, as well as the newspaper that ran the latest interview with them, was highly important to the greater cause:

We are supported by the Association of Chief Police Officers, the Association of Chief Officers of Probation, the NSPCC, prison services and charities and voluntary organizations working with children.

We are supported too by other newspapers – The Daily Mail and The Mirror among them.

Most importantly, we have the determined support of Sarah's parents, Michael and Sara, and the entire Payne family.

What exactly did the support of psychological wrecks mean at that point. Is it expected that the healing will see things differently on the other side of all their pain and confusion. Estate scum looking for stricken to be sensible and worthwhile figureheads. Those that need to be held up for the glaring clarity of human pain. For the others that need to

be taught empathy. For those who don't understand. Yet.

Mike and Sara and their misery sold from tabloid spread to spread for months and then years. And the genius of that commodity may be nothing more than the luck of a young upstart in the newspaper publishing business. Extend the same opportunistic compliment to the mobs she was looking to benefit from. The media is never to blame. Nor is a professional woman who tweaked an obvious mixture of condescension, outrage, and sympathy to help sell advertising to those who need it. The din that was reached after the riots. And after the upper class debates. All had the tearful slur of Mike and Sara wrapped snugly around its soft edges. And you can excuse them because they didn't know what they were getting themselves and their newly discovered ugly public into.

It's true of any art project. The real worth of the piece is only going to come later when it's fit into a real world. When the way one acted can no longer be excused by sentimentality or learning difficulties. After the experiments are done. The tests and notes on paper. The lucky chances.

The fact that the Paulsgrove rats have all crawled back into woodlice is hardly surprising. Just as it's perfectly understandable that all the contemptuous voyeurs now see the action as a class struggle. "What else have they got?" had been rained down on the rats' wet heads so often that the scum started repeating it back to themselves. They sing it louder when they're packed. The ghettos who ramble about their children's safety and getting lost in the passionate mob all in the same sentence will obviously never offer the world anything better than that small bit of news footage. They'll apologize for it for the rest of their long lives. Whether they know it or not. Artless saps. Just bright enough to know the kids need protecting.

The Paynes, or specifically Sara, like John Walsh and Maureen Kanka and Marc Klaas, will have to form something greater out of their trashed positions. They are expected to look back on their work and see what they want to paint and sculpt for the public. Second. Now that they have the people's attention and something worth saying. Which is where the real use of their existence comes in.

The voice of those who don't deserve one. Which song goes with

which little victim. Beautifully rendered and constructed and hung with no greater need than to inspire something immediately identifiable. Point to the paintings of jesus as you walk the marble floors of the repugnant vatican. There's quite a few. Now select the faces out of the little murdered mice all covered by the twenty or so years that I've been collecting newspaper articles for pornography and ask each fucking mother of each fucking stuck and suffocated rodent, 'what happened here?' Remind me. Because I forgot.

Word travels fast in a place like Paulsgrove and the residents soon took to the streets, children in tow, determined to drive out the apparent threat in their midst. Assembled little ones cheered and applauded last week as their older relations rolled over and torched a car and attacked police vans.

Toddlers carried banners saying "Hang 'em" and aped the residents who yelled abuse at officers and watched as one constable's nose was broken by a missile and he was taken away, bleeding, to hospital.

(INSIDE THE WITCHHUNT, Deborah Collcut & John Elliot, *Sunday Times*, August 13, 2000)

I've yet to see it. But I've known about it forever it seems. A little boy wearing a dress and daubed in lipstick and, the best bit, hard as a rock. I don't know his age. But that's significant in this case especially. I like the idea of just a face like that being a feature in an issue of Sarah. I wouldn't even want to see his fucking little illegal erection. It wouldn't be not showing it that made the art better. More than braving out an actual piece of illegal pornography. I wouldn't be referencing the fucking thing. Bragging. Pointing out the gray area. I'd be tucking the little darling up under the skirt of a specific doll. For those who buy the magazine. The ones that can't wait for the next issue, the next installment. Big news on the father's unsuccessful suicide bid and then shots of a boy with his daughter's old name. Because the little faggot became obsessed with his daughter. And the father's plight. And this is as close as he can get. And, of course, because he feels a sense of solidarity with the idea of the little girl. Because he knows what it's like to go through

the same lifestyle of sexual negation. He puts on make-up that is a tribute to her tragedy. And by me not allowing the bits that would put me in jail into the magazine, I've given his miserable fey, little confused voice a considerable shot at finally being heard. It's for the old men who like that sort of thing. Who remember the struggles of their difficult gay youth and for the kids that think they're all alone. They recognize themselves in her. And in the important badly xeroxed pages of this magazine. One page; the little imp. The next page; the little wanna-be imp. The desperate but honest and sadly twisted effects of pop culture. More pop culture. Tail gnawing. And I've then destroyed the actual film that it's taken from exactly like all the rest of the filth I've destroyed and come to despise. The influence, the bother. The rut and the constant masturbation. I'd cum on these shots. Without staring at his little nothing genitalia and smooth lack of pubic hair and compare them to a prettier girl. One that's better than all of them. My favorite. The one that means more because I know what it's like and it's my vision. And then post the cummed on pictures to suggest my callous indifference and rabid hatred of the ones that won't allow me to own it. Show what's really happening beneath the photos and how little it all adds up to. How monstrously cruelly unimportant a cum can be. And how sad it is to think it can be nothing more, then. And all you ever get is the stumbling and inarticulation.

Take 13-year-old Jodie and Sadie, 12, who made a dummy, painted 'paedo' on its chest and strung it by the neck from a lamppost in Portsmouth's Paulsgrove council estate, where the nation's post-Sarah Payne revulsion toward paedophiles boiled into violence and protests over the past week.

Small children talk of 'pervs' and 'bashing their heads in.'
(ADULTS TEACH HATRED AS SARAH IS MOURNED, Tracey McVeigh & Amelia Hill, *The Observer*, August 13, 2000)

I don't know if it works for the others. But one of the few images I can't shake is a short cocked truckdriver getting sucked off in his cab by

a french whore that Jamie Gillis paid. I don't care about the idea any longer. That Jamie had the genius to trot out a whore in Paris and film her having sex with the first lucky guy they came across that was willing to get filmed. The fat fucker with his eyes closed and his cock stubbed up thick and straight is what I find myself looking to see more of. I don't regret these aesthetics. I don't think they have quite as much to do with age as you'd imagine. The fact that the images are so important to me makes perfect sense that I would put the vidcaps in the magazine. I was in a restroom in a bar in Paris once and started checking all the gorilla meat that slipped in. I'm no fucking cockwatcher. But I believe the audience for Sarah certainly is. They'd be waiting for the perfect non-hang and the smallest set of balls one after the next. And I'd have to let them know. I have to tell these dumb porn obsessed morons that this is what they want and this is what they should be looking for. I have to make the connections for them. And, better, I realize, I have to create the connections. I see that the responsibility to not miss a fucking thing is important to the piece. All angles must be considered and celebrated. Because that, ultimately, is what the magazine is about. Getting everything you want and having it equal something as negligible and uninspiring as a bodily function. Have it reduced and elevated to a ridiculous level. Pigeons. A special exposé on that mother's mouth and how women her age resemble birds. More animals. And the bird that got as small an amount as she would finally settle for sucked off some smelly truckdriving troll for the rest of her life and, now, gets herself and her birdlips included all over the rotting pinned corpse of a little masturbation target that never fucking hit nine years old. I don't care how she feels or what she does. I don't care to entertain trash like that.

Why was Paulsgrove the tinderbox, the place where public feeling about paedophiles erupted into mayhem? The answer lies partly in the genuine, if confused, outrage of the residents, and partly in their burgeoning sense of excitement. After the first demonstration, when teenagers began to riot with petrol bombs and bricks, the media descended on Paulsgrove like hungry locusts. There was a burst of creativity: parents and children con-

structed banners for the cameras, with eye-catching slogans such as “Don’t house them – hang them!” and “Evict them and convict them!”

(THE MOB RULES, OK, Jenny McCartney, *The Sunday Telegraph*, August 13, 2000)

A line of men with their tongues all hanging out. But each man selected individually when it comes time to print the artwork. Each stupid idiot with its tongue out a separate portrait. And down, below the open stupidity, each man has his cock pulled out of his pants. Some can get themselves hard. By looking around and being smart enough to take it all in. While others can remain difficult to satisfy. I became convinced that the only way to buy heroin in LA was to have the filthy mexicans and niggers that sell it downtown take their cocks out at the same time. Not that I would ever want to see such dysgenic excrement. But these animals take balloons out of their greasy dry mouths and sell it to you. I want the faggots that go looking for sex to fill their mouths and responsiveness to be exactly the same. Show them and the families what they look like but take the pain away by putting them in a group. It should look like a police line-up to mimic the hypocrisy of such laws. But they need to be collected like child molesters. Which cock would Katrina like best. All adults. All male. All workable. All with intentions hidden from her. You could not title the magazine after Katrina Kessel. Though the impulse is understandable and the interest in her, specifically, highly warranted. But it would be backing away from the real subject. You might look frightened by your own interests and dedication to the truth. You do not want this to look like another pop project. Saying things loudly that can be read every which way anyone prefers. Fans will find excuses for you. Critics will think they’re being bright by playing along. It needs to be flat and ugly and unequivocal. It needs to be very much like the mixed up noise that fries parts of Katrina Kessel’s backwards brain when it comes time to get drunk and fuck something that will produce another baby for her. I wouldn’t put photos of her counsel home front door in the pages. I wouldn’t include her dirty stoop or her toothless wide-open mouth. But I would do everything I pos-

sibly can to make sure that she would like the kinds of adult males she might not know she lusts after yet. A fine and better piece of ugly meat than she's ever seen. I will not accept that she goes for firm, well built men with muscles and flash cars. I do believe she is too drunk to get that sort these days. I have to constantly be aware of the fact that our little angel is not a morph of the pigs that surrounded it and its special closer angels. Katrina, these men have to lift their bellies up to see what's going on underneath them. They have to press flesh in and let fat flop to various other areas so that they can see what it is that happens when they're doing what they think they like to do best. I've seen women pretend to humiliate themselves by appearing in pornography that gets traded between these scumbags' hands. You don't look anything like these dregs. Let this magazine convince you and the others that there are better days ahead. More access. More availability. These are the men that do, in fact, probably want to molest your daughter and little boys. Even if they don't fucking know it yet. And you should see the filth they pull out and their revolting lack of shame. It disgusts us all. And we can not get over it. I think the point of this feature is to point out directly the inconsiderate psychotics that shamble quietly around any neighborhood anywhere and can't wait to have a hot long wank. Discreet or not. I'm absolutely convinced that by focusing on the individuals but knowing that they're shameless in groups, even, we feed the new taste for adult pornography. Not a nigger in the group. Nothing but thinking white men with their hands behind their backs. You can't put the childish faces of cambodian yum-yum rags that are cheaper and more frequently documented than the white equivalent and think all will work out right in the end. It will not be the same. This is not what you want. No one will believe me but I'm not attracted to these big-titted aging slobs. Like Katrina Kessel. You never meet anyone that admits it. I wish they'd keep their clothes on. Store your rape fantasies that way and shut your fucking mouth. She doesn't look like she'd believe me that I didn't want to fuck her after so many drinks. I've had better offers in such situations, let me assure you. And I'm wrestling constantly with the fact that it's just too much of a cheap comment to put the old bellowing hog

in the pages of such a fine idea as this. I want to stay away from the idea that she put herself in there. Or that Sarah deserved better. Trying hard to come up with a better idea than her low-level constant appeasement.

"And of course it was that small minority who grabbed the headlines and suddenly we were branded an angry mob. We can't deny there was trouble, but it only happened on two nights and was caused by a groups of teenagers, not us."

The violence flared when 150 protesters converged on the home of Victor Burnett, 55, named by the News of the World as a convicted paedophile. Paulsgrove parents were appalled because many children had become friendly with Burnett.

(TEEN YOBS BLAMED FOR PAULSGROVE RIOTS, Andrea Busfield, *News of the World*, August 13, 2000)

I don't know if I could include a photograph of someone that I wanted to stay inviolate. I thought about cropping an image just of her hand. I have a picture of her at a birthday party where, as she's blowing out the candles on her cake, she's pressing one beautiful dainty hand to her chest as if to steady herself on the lean forward. I love that hand and I love the girl that positioned it so delicately. She belongs in the magazine. Because she's better than them all. But I don't know that I could serve her up that way. I've done it before. Convinced men that I want to see masturbate to use pictures and words that I carefully selected. And not once would I select her. Not even when I was filled with hatred for her and her delicate situations. I've wiped my bleeding shitty ass with computer printouts of her and cum straight down on them to destroy them. Most often when I was drunk. But never on the actual photographs that she gave me. I don't care about the photos that the mothers and friends from the neighborhood gave the press of the special ones they got sent after. Market value is change from your pocket and there's enough reproductions coming every day to please anyone with even the slightest interest. I hope this doesn't sound like an excuse. As if I'm blaming the parents or the other particulars or suggesting some-

thing about the nature of the press. Trying to rationalize using the real-life names of the girls and Jason Swift. I wouldn't tread on something just because it's already been walked on. Thinking something doesn't mean you should say it. It's not the purpose of this idea at all. Jason, for example does not look like the slow-wit that he's constantly made out to be. I know you can't label something better than its photo sometimes. He's a very attractive older boy. I want it to stop here. I don't hope to find others whose names would resonate better. Alex and Derek King were strong possibilities. And if the artwork didn't necessarily have to come from a copy shop and the cheapest, most degenerate, lazy stock of access, then I'd strongly consider a color photo shoot based entirely on the boy that used to razor blade his mattress. Close-ups of a naked long thin cock against a sheet and bed that's ripped in jagged slashes because he's too much of a girl to rip the blades into his arms. He feels like more of a girl since he found out his younger brother gets more attention, sexual and otherwise, because he's more attractive to the paedophile that cares for them. The fact that I'd have to select only one of the youngsters and that both were still living would be the primary reason for imagining such a title. And the fact that the case seems forgotten about while the boys still go on. It would be a good idea to pick something a bit more obscure than Sarah Payne since one can't help the political connotations in such a loaded icon now. And, truth be told, the littlest boy is the cutest by far. He's a little fucking doll and getting greasy in whatever sort of juvenile jail he's searching and horny in right now. He liked to kiss. His head filled and contorted with want, resentment and hot hated repetition.

"We allowed our children to be in Victor Burnett's flat. We thought he was just a lonely old man. He told our boys he moved down from London when his marriage broke up and that he really missed his kids.

"We had no idea he was a paedophile. Now we know the truth I've been physically sick with thoughts of what he could have done."

(MUM'S THANKS AS WE RESCUE HER TWO BOYS, Andrea Busfield, *News of the World*, August 13, 2000)

The best art the Paynes ever produced are the documentary photographs from Paulsgrove. Boys; young and skinny and white, shirtless with tight shorts and gym shoes, sitting in front of wood replacement doors with “WE WILL NOT LIVE WITH PERVS” scrawled down its buckling length. Close-cropped haircuts and bored incomprehension. High cheekbones and small shoulders like the best of 1977 skinheads only much much younger. And their gross mothers in the picture just next to them. All jowls and fat lazy stupidity. Raising their chubby meat grabbing fists and contorting their thin lips into doggerel idiocy that hopes to convey more its desperate anger than its desperate articulation. A darling little urchin with hair not unlike the Sarah. Though younger than even Charlotte. Stands behind a iron barred balcony festooned with car salesman letters spelling “GET THE PAEDOPHILES OUT.”

It's not fair to suggest that Rebekah Wade created this art. Not over the Paynes when they clearly owned the brand name. They had to be asked. There was only little they could do. Originally. Nothing would have worked without the sense of emergency provided by the human suffering Paynes. Not to suggest that they should have put their hands in front of their faces as they marched through the public's heavy demands for shared experiences. But it is easy to see Rebekah, especially since this is probably her fucking job description, as an agent who brings ideas and manipulation schemes. The Paynes didn't really have to have a say in what she was going to do. It's not even certain as to when or how they agreed to help out in whatever capacity they were asked to allow. What could possibly be asked of them. Nonetheless the interviews never changed. And the deal was brought.

Proud. The legacy of their new conception is, sadly, not what they hoped it to be. It is not about the safety of children. It is not about the grief they suffered. Suffer. It isn't even about the manhandling and merchandizing they had to put up with. Their art means something nice for those who will look back and label a time. When people were passionate but naïve. Open to abuse. Open to more abuse and never once fucking caught on. Pop. Remember when. After they've seen what's been

happening around their daughter, you'd think they'd try to prove they care as much as they say they do.

Although Ms. Wade knew the proposed “Sarah’s Law” would be controversial, market research indicated it would play well with News of the World readers whose support is unlikely to have been shaken by criticism from the police or probation services, let alone what the paper characterizes as “the voices of liberalism.”

At the Sun, Ms. Wade was overruled when she suggested the paper should back Tony Martin, the Norfolk farmer who shot a burglar. But her populist instincts were vindicated when a similar Martin campaign ran by the Daily Mail received enormous public support.

(UNREPENTANT ‘NEWS OF THE WORLD’ EDITOR REFUSES TO FACE CRITICS, Jo Dillon & Louise Jury, *The Independent on Sunday*, August 6, 2000)

Rebekah Wade gave her first public interview on the riots, over a year after Sarah’s murder, on David Frost’s *Breakfast with Frost* program. On December 16, 2001, she appeared to publicize another version of the “Naming and Shaming” game. This time, at the request of police officials, she had been asked to publish photos and names of paedophiles who had disappeared from police view in the hopes of smoking them out. Naturally, the selling point of her welcoming was that she talk about the previous mess:

Rebekah Wade: “Okay, well let me just take Paulsgrove very quickly. Victor Burnett, a convicted paedophile, 140 assaults for raping young boys between the ages of four and nine, that’s 140 assaults that he was convicted of. He was released into the community, he was put, rehoused in a council estate full of young children. What happened was when we printed his picture in the paper two parents realized that he had been abusing their children because he was totally unmonitored. Now my point is that, we at the paper are on the side of protecting children and not the rights of paedophiles and I strongly believe we’re on the side of the right, the public are

behind us and we will continue to make sure that people understand the basis of Sarah's Law which is controlled public access. It isn't a free-for-all, it isn't you're not, you can't walk into, into the police station and get a name, address and, and photograph. You have to go through strict procedure, you are risk assessed to see if your family is at risk from the predatory paedophile that's amongst your society."

I do not want to fuck the child. Let that be the theme that glues everything together. Things that get fucked and cummed on by anybody but you. Let it be defined by the ones that are excluded. The one that is most special. Let jealousy take over as soon as one of the little mice are selected rather than ignored. The best ones are the ones that are safe. Ask any fucking parent. She needs me to save her and I desperately want that for her. I've done my part by keeping her out of all of this. It doesn't change the tenor. Still the best ones in the crop. Just know that, in a constantly shifting sense, they're always going to be second best. Which is true in the world that they exist in, no matter what. No help from me. I despise that so many of these photos have been touched by creeps other than me. I've always imagined myself fully clothed with these children. What if I confessed that it has never been my cock that I see going into these children or my hands around their mouths. What if it was that I had nothing greater to share. Except for the details of a hiding place. Which forces me to not even create the thing and just plan it like a kid who dreams of winning at school. It's already done. Just not as good as it probably should have been done. I could make myself like it. But I don't want to waste the time anymore. Not that I have anything more precious with which to fill my unhealthy days. Looking for the best handjob in a feature length film. Or watching pornography without an adequate definition. Watching it at all. It disgusts me. Because it bores me. And I see the others who market it and inculcate it and are taught by it; all thinning and bloating into old age. I don't want to be one of those pathetic yaps that's still talking about the movies that he used to see when he was younger but is more capable of finding worth in there now. Those idiots that have to review movies for a living and

still use the same words and techniques. I don't want the reviews to be so desperate and removed as to have to be made flesh by still screaming about the fucking filth. I know that the little girl had a tattoo on her clean body but I can't recall what it was. I think that's important. I love the fact that she wanted it there. I should fucking remember what she picked out.

For the all children ever frightened, abused or touched with bad intent. And their mothers who know how bad it is. All the Sarahs in the world:

In an interview with the Guardian, Burnett, 55, said the "mindless, stupid vigilantes" who had terrorized him out of his home were driving scores of paedophiles underground. "When the police know where the offenders are there is some measure of control, but if they go underground, the authorities will never see or hear from them. Not until they offend again, that is.

"Paedophiles who disappear from one estate will turn up on another. To say vigilantes are behaving like animals would be unfair to animals.

"What do they really hope to achieve? If they lynched me, what good would that do? This is the madness of the mob."

Burnett has been in hiding since last Friday, when the police escorted him out of his flat on the Paulsgrove estate, in north Paulsgrove, hours before a demonstration which erupted into violence.

Since then, he has considered suicide. He believes he will be killed if the mob ever discovers his whereabouts. "I've had death threat phone calls. One woman left a message saying 'I'm going to cut you up and give the bits to the kids ... sex case, sex case, hang him, hang him.'"

(ABUSER SPEAKS OUT OVER MOB FURY, Nick Hopkins, *The Guardian*, August 11, 2000)

Yesterday neither the mother nor her daughter, who both refused to be named, showed any sympathy. "Don't expect people to be sorry that he committed suicide because we're not," said the mother. "At least this will save the court costs." "He gave it away by moving out, didn't he?" added

the daughter. "It was obvious that he was guilty."

(DON'T EXPECT US TO BE SORRY, *Global Guardian*, August 10, 2000)

Jackie Rampton, 32, said: "We just want these paedophiles off our estate where they can't touch our kids. I personally think they should all be put in one place where they can all hang themselves. Why should paedophiles have a life when they have ruined a child's?"

Katrina Kassel, self-styled leader of the campaign, admitted the list of suspects had been drawn up based on information "by word of mouth and the internet." As a group of mothers chat among themselves she says excitedly: "I have just had it confirmed that two more paedophiles are living on this estate. One was on our march last night!"

(FAMILIES FLEE HATE CAMPAIGN, Keith Perry, *The Global Guardian*, August 10, 2000)

A statement from Sarah's parents, Sara and Michael Payne, was read out at the News of the World press conference in London. The statement read: "We support the discontinuing of the News of the World campaign. Sarah's Law will give back power to parents to enable them to protect their children. This debate was long overdue and we look forward to hearing the Home Secretary's response to this decision."

(NEWS OF THE WORLD SUSPENDS NAME-AND-SHAME CAMPAIGN, *The Guardian*, August 4, 2000)

HANG THEM – 10 VICTIMS AND 48,000 READERS DEMAND CHILD SEX KILLERS MUST DIE (Stewart Fowler, *Sunday People*, July 30, 2000):

Sunday People readers have voted to bring back hanging for killer paedophiles in the wake of the Sarah Payne murder.

A staggering 48,762 voted in favour of the death penalty. And the parents of 10 victims of child sex killers also told us: Bring back hanging.

The artists behind the *Sunday Mirror* included a short but exclusive interview with Sara Payne:

"Michael and I are trying to give a voice to all the thousands of parents who have written to us – some of whom have been through similar ordeals to ours."

And then presented a countdown of ten interviews with parents of other murdered children, only one of which extended beyond five tiny paragraphs. Among them very little, and unrelated, Marie Payne, murdered by Colin Evans. And little Laura Kane, murdered by Colin Bainbridge. But especially Mark Tildesley, whose entire newest memorial ran as follows:

Mark, eight, disappeared from a fairground in 1984, a victim of Britain's biggest and most notorious paedophile ring run by evil Sidney Cooke.

His body has never been found. Mark's mum Lavinia, 64, of Wokingham, Berks, said: "I'd like to see Cooke hang.

"In some ways though, the death sentence is an easy way out for these monsters. I want them to suffer like I am suffering.

"They have no humanity and I see no reason why they should be treated as humans."

On the next page, writer Steve Klein expressed his outrage over the existence of a jail facility he or his editors headlined “THE PERVERT HILTON”:

The development is in the grounds of Nottingham Prison but the tenants have completed their sentences and are free to go.

And.

And in a move guaranteed to disgust any parent, no expense is being spared to provide the loathsome criminals with all mod cons – and protect

them from attack.

The residents include two of the nation's most notorious offenders – repulsive sex attacker Lennie Smith and pervert killer Robert Oliver.

And.

Evil Smith, 45, was the first resident when the unit opened as a pilot project last year amid protests from local parents.

Smith, who is HIV positive, was jailed for 10 years in 1992 for preying on a boy of six.

He was later joined by Oliver, 47, jailed for the manslaughter of 14-year-old Jason Swift.

The fiend and his accomplices were said to have killed the runaway lad by suffocating him after a homosexual orgy in 1985. Twisted Oliver and Smith have been given a sewing machine to make women's clothes for themselves.

The "Hang'em" headline poll was started the week before when the front page of the paper sold "HANG SARAH'S KILLER" followed by a phone number to allow the public to cast their votes on the question: "SHOULD WE HANG KILLER PAEDOPHILES?"

Lifelong paedophile Westley Allan Dodd asked to be hanged when sentenced to death in 1993. Hanging was the way he killed 4-year-old Lee Iseli. He hanged the small child, already strangled unconscious and barely heaving, in his cramped apartment closet by a rope wrapped around a clothes rack.

The same Sunday that brought the *Sunday Mirror's* crudest hatred also brought the second installment of the *News of the World's* "Naming and Shaming" series. This was the weekend for the issue that contained the infamous photo of Victor Burnett and a short blurb:

HAMPSHIRE: PORTSMOUTH: Victor Burnett, 53. Out after serving two thirds of a nine-year sentence. The former taxi driver abused more than 140 children. He has claimed he is on the verge of re-offending.

(EVIL THAT PREYS ON OUR CHILDREN, *News of the World*, July 30, 2000)

On the second page of only the second week of “Naming and Shaming” was a photo of Marc Klaas signing his name to the petition that graced the cover of the first week’s special issue. Lending his international support. Marc was flown over to meet Michael and Sara and tell everyone about his role in turning the dream that was Megan’s Law into a united states reality. Polly’s Law is related to California’s three strikes system whereby repeat offenders are treated as irredeemable after three offenses. Marc told the lucky tabloid in perfect californian:

“I naturally gravitated towards Michael as I walked through the door and I hugged him,” said Marc.

“I said to him, ‘I’m just so terribly sorry,’ and the tears welled up. That immediately brought the emotions up within me – emotions I haven’t felt for a very long time.”

He didn’t stop:

“The convicted kidnapper who snatched my child had served just half of a 16-year sentence. And he had told his cellmates that once he got out he would avoid AIDS by getting ‘a young one.’

“The kidnapping, rape and murder of my beautiful Polly was this psychopath’s definition of safe sex.”

The *News of the World* interviewed Megan’s mother:

Maureen Kanka declared: “If you had a government that listened to the public you’d already have a law that gave the names and addresses of convicted child sex offenders.”

She also urged the parents of murdered Sarah to DEMAND legislation from Prime Minister Tony Blair.

“Don’t be put off your campaign,” added Maureen at her home in New

Jersey. "You've had the guts to end the conspiracy of silence – you've broken the mould."

Others.

The Sarah Payne tragedy struck a chilling chord with sad Winnie Johnson. She is the mother of Moors Murder victim Keith Bennett – killed by Myra Hindley and Ian Brady 36 years ago.

"This campaign must succeed for all the Sarahs in the world," she told us.

"What we're all trying to do is look out for the victims, and it's about time."

The center pages of the paper folded out into a huge color blow-up poster of the imp smile shot of Sarah's huge brown-eyed munchkin face. The paper stuck their logo in one corner and then stamped "WE'VE SIGNED" and "FOR SARAH" above and below her crown and chin in inch-to-two-inch letters. Instructions for the pin-up demanded "CUT THIS OUT AND DISPLAY IT IN YOUR WINDOW." Underneath her photo were letters of support from the agonized and the brave. Well-wishers.

Sara and Michael didn't have to announce their support. The parents were included in a large photograph placed in the opening pages signing the same petition that everyone else could now sign. With their child's photo on it, folded, etched and sent in to the head offices.

"Sarah, if you are watching, please come home," implored her brother Luke, 11. "The family is not the same without you. There's just a massive gap in between us."

The family had returned to the pebble beach "where they had last saw" little Sarah. The *Sunday Times* of July 16, 2000 was the first hard copy I had. I always monitor the english news. I look for items on little Lesley Ann Downey mainly. Came across Sarah rather late as this

article celebrated the two-week mark of her disappearance. "PARENTS RETURN TO BEACH AS HOPE FADES FOR SARAH" next to three big enough black and white photos – the first of the little one that would become the only one you ever need to see for the next four years. The second photo was of a drawing that one of her brothers did, super hero style, thanking the cops for looking for his little sister. And the last one was of the mother and father, scruffy, english, windblown, sat on a rock on the beach with two of their smallish kids cuddled at their feet. A few long microphones in the forefront.

"The most likely theory now is that she was abducted by a paedophile."

It had been the first mention of a man taken into custody and who had his white van towed away for investigation. Over a year later this same fellow would be the monster with his face on the front page of the dailies underneath headlines like "HE DID IT BEFORE." Two years of bullshit theories and press lies, phony interviews and rote emotionalism. All their campaigning for stricter leash laws on paedophiles and child molesters was due to the painful realization that their loss was caused by governmental stupidity following human evil. Somehow, it made sense that the only way to stitch such horrible wounds shut would be to enact change in the laws and public mind. Idiot Americans call this "closure" while the English want to call it justice. Paedophiles call it revenge without even a snicker of irony.

Prop yourself in front. You were going to share something deep and worthwhile. This is for them. How is the Payne's cause served when they can be seen playing the game too well. Accepting the secrets, dishing out the triggers, not acting unprofessional. Trying to keep the public in their place.

An article next to this was titled "QUIET CHESHIRE TOPS SEX-CRIME LEAGUE TABLE":

Last week Cheshire court officials said the high rate was heavily influenced by offenses committed by people passing through the area,

often to indulge in homosexual activity at well known gay haunts such as Knutsford, a town near the M6 motorway.

After years of keeping my big mouth shut, it wasn't hard to find that most bar perverts – the ones that fuck whatevers in bathrooms and alleys – will eagerly talk about internet porn and, very quickly, child pornography.

Sarah starts to look more and more familiar. She has soft blonde hair that I only see in black and white and fucking gray. She's buttoned up to the top of her neck and smiling, I guess, in a school photo.

I knew she was dead as soon as I came across the news. That is exactly why she went missing. Someone wanted to play with her body and that is the only way one gets to do it.

It doesn't take much. With the exception of Elizabeth Smart and so few others, it isn't that much of a stretch to know that the girls are barely buried somewhere. I knew, exactly like Elizabeth Smart, that she was raped as well.

The fact that her body was found shortly after that first clipping I kept and that it's the announcement of such in the next clipping I have, kept in chronological order, makes things seem tragic or, at least, dramatic. As if there was a real story unfolding.

Immediately I start to hate all the detective garbage. The papers will be filled with polite nonsense about the big dirty truck and the sick arrested and the fooled questioned and the fibers and clues and searches.

Little Sarah, according to "MISSING SARAH: GIRL'S BODY FOUND IN FIELD" from the *Global Guardian* of July 18, 2000, had her little body found ten miles from where she was last seen alive.

Little was partially concealed in "undergrowth" and the article paid special attention to her face. One of the cops involved in the dig, trying to beg patience from the public by explaining the painstaking identification process:

"You don't uncover the body, the face particularly – that being one of the

parts that was covered—until later on.”

Gentleman said that parts of the corpse had been concealed, “including the face.” Slight unimportant references dripped through the last paragraphs. Hopeless events until now:

The discovery of the body came just hours after police released the latest available photograph of Sarah in another attempt to jog people’s memories.

The same day’s *Daily Telegraph* was more precise. “HOW SARAH’S MOTHER FOUGHT TO KEEP HOPE ALIVE” was a smaller headline underneath the full-page banner “PHONE CALL CONFIRMED OFFICERS’ WORST FEARS.” More photos of the couple looking much the same way they will for the next few years. And. There is one of the dirty woods where the little babe was found murdered and concealed. A police tent was erected over the cold body and the warm earth where little Sarah Payne entered the mindset of the bereaved. The mother article contained enough information for myths to blossom. The harder detailed material came first. There, apparently, is where one works one’s way back through to the human.

You have no idea, do you. A film where a paedophile opens a brunette child’s small mouth to display her coldsores and herpes. One hand to her lips and across her pink pale gums and inside her raw hot cheeks and jaw and pretty white, strong, vicious teeth. Brave. Thrush and white capped boils, nits, violet red bumps, and yeast strings.

Mrs. Payne is depicted in the article as having dedicated herself to helping the detectives and press in the search for her child. It is understood that she would have had to do this. She had to make everyone else understand. Her love for her daughter was as immense as her resolve to do even more than just the immediately possible. She is commended and pitied and helped.

It was Mrs. Payne who orchestrated the almost daily media appear-

ances by members of the family. While her husband Michael appeared shell-shocked, almost lost, for much of the time. His wife came up with ideas to keep the publicity mill turning.

The front page of the *Daily Telegraph* lead with a photo of little Sarah smiling around her missing teeth and letting her much longer hair than previously assumed blow beautifully across her forehead and across one of her pretty eyes. The caption cuts through: “LAST PICTURE: SARAH PAYNE PHOTOGRAPHED THREE WEEKS BEFORE SHE DISAPPEARED.”

Everything may have just gone out of control. When they hadn’t planned for anything even remotely like this. And everything got worse and worse until all anyone could do is just try and make it, somehow, better.